

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 780.—7 May, 1859.—Third Series, No. 58.

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## HAHNEMANN.

HOMŒOPATHY is now so great a figure on the arena of modern civilization, and has drawn so very large a number of physicians and of eminent laymen to its side, that its author has incontestably mounted to the dignity of being a historical character. This unquestionable proposition is quite independent of the amount of truth or error that may be resident in that famous system. Even if it prove to be one unmingled and unmitigated delusion, a thing which historical analogy rejects as extremely unlikely, the originator and master-builder of such a fascinating and really enduring fabric can have been no ordinary person. In short, homœopathy is now an unmistakable power in the world; and readers ought to know something about its learned, conscientious, ingenious, brave, much enduring, and immensely followed, if also much deluded, founder. Knowing as we do, indeed, that his system has won many intelligent and influential adherents even in Edinburgh, the stronghold of medical orthodoxy; and that they have sustained a gratuitous homœopathic dispensary here for some ten years back, while they now contemplate the beginning of an hospital; we cannot doubt but a proportion of our readers are the friends of homœopathy, and Hahnemann is therefore not only the greatest physician in history, but also one of the most memorable men that ever lived, in their estimation. It is certain, in truth, that just as large a number of the reading public is enthusiastically devoted to the memory of the boasted reformer of medicine, as to that of Shelley or Wordsworth or Watt. It is our province to provide information and pleasure for every class of our supporters; and those who are indifferent, or opposed to the new school of medicine, will readily indulge us while we cater for their neighbors. Perhaps they will even peruse our little narrative, lest peradventure the nineteenth century have one industrious and mighty man to show, more than they know of.

Samuel Christian Frederick Hahnemann was born at Meissen, on the 10th of April, 1755, in Saxony, the birthplace of a succession of reformers. His worthy father was a drawer of designs on the then famous porcelain of that honest little town; and he is said to have inculcated the lesson of self-trust upon his boy with particular emphasis, while instructing him in the elements of geometry

and the art of designing. But for the suspiciousness of all early indications, collected after a hero has touched the zenith of renown, it might be told how the latent doctor denied himself sleep three nights every week, while yet the merest lad, for the purposes of study. The comparative poverty of his parents was about to take him from school, before he had ascended to the higher classes of the First-school or Gymnasium of Meissen; but the masters interfered, and retained him without fees. According to the gossip of his admirers, hard work and want of sleep brought a low and lingering fever on him; and he resolved on the study of medicine during the state of convalescence. The subject of his last essay at the Meissen High-school, was the admirable construction of the hand of man. Not yet twenty then, and with twenty crowns in his pocket, he hied to Leipzig—where a statue is raised to his honor, on one of the most beautiful esplanades in the historical old city, just seventy-six years after he first trudged along its streets in the character of a very poor student! His character from Meissen got him free tickets to the most of the lectures; but he taught Greek and French, and translated English into German, for his livelihood. Eager to see the practice of physic on a larger scale than at Leipzig, he doubled his poor hackney-work in literature for money to take him to Vienna, now the great school of his doctrine. His exiguous literary cash was exhausted before he had spent more than a year at the Vienna hospital, but Dr. Quarin, the head-physician, got him the place of a doctor in a family at Hermannstadt; where he also did at least so much out-of-doors work, that in a year and a half he was rich enough to go and study another year at Erlangen, where he took his degree in 1799, at the age of nearly twenty-five. He first practised a while at Dessau, where he married; and then he was transferred to Gommern, near Magdeburg, where he held the office of district-physician for three years. It was here, when approaching the age of thirty, that the fearful uncertainty of practical medicine seized possession of his mind; and he resolved to abandon his profession, although it was prospering with him, and to take to the more personal uncertainties of literature.

He proceeded to Dresden, but at the request of Dr. Wagner, and with the consent

of the town council, he undertook the direction of the city hospital for a year. Then he betook himself to Leipzig; where he quickly became so utterly dissatisfied with the state of the healing art, although he had the reputation of a successful practitioner, that he finally determined to give it over once for all. "The thought," said he, "of being a destroyer of human life was so dreadful that, soon after my marriage, I gave up treating any one lest I should aggravate his disease, and occupied myself entirely with chemistry and authorship."

When engaged in the translation of Cullen's *Materia Medica*, in 1790, the medicinal powers of Jesuit's bark fascinated his attention; and, undervaluing Cullen's fantastical explanation of its virtues as a cure for the ague, he made some experiments with it on himself. After he had taken a considerable dose every day for some little time, although quite well when he began, there ensued several of the symptoms of an intermittent fever. Might not this medicine's property of curing ague, then, depend upon its property of producing a similar disease? Might not the old saw, *Similia similibus sanantur*, or *like cures like*, be the secret principle of this modern instance? Might not that world-old principle be the effective soul of the true and natural art of curing diseases? Might not this be the very principle, for which his heart and mind had cried out in vain for years? He was thirty-five, a husband and a father, familiar with something very like poverty, yet within arms' length of plenty if he chose, and in high estimation among physicians and men of letters, when he was visited with this great thought.

It never left him. He served it more than fifty years. Under its influence, he criticised the prevalent practice of physic with amazing erudition and keenness; and the great Hufeland of Berlin went along with him so long as he kept to criticism. But it behoved a man like Hahnemann to affirm, as well as to deny; and his affirmation met with little favor. The world and the world's law are often the friends of the denier, never of the reformer. Critics are fondled, creators are feared by the many; for it is only by the few that the latter are loved, and the former regarded with comparative indifference. Now Hahnemann had to assert that the true way of treating diseases is to give only one medi-

cine at a time, and to give that particular medicine which has the power of causing something like the symptoms it is given to cure. Hold a scalded hand to the fire; anoint a burnt limb with hot turpentine; give barks in shivering ague—and so forth. He was not long in finding that, when a drug is given internally according to this rule, it is sufficient to administer an incomparably small dose of it—an incidental discovery, which has now become the practice of medication with infinitesimal quantities of medicine. Homœopathy consists in giving one medicine at a time, in giving the right medicine for each individual case, and in giving it in infinitely minute doses.

The assertion of such things, however, was not to be borne in Leipzig; and he was driven away by abuse, slander, persecution, and the mechanical arm of law. He betook himself to Cöthen, and placed himself under the protection of the reigning duke of Anhalt-Cöthen, who made him a hofrath—a sort of honorary councillor to his royal dukedom. Not without the aid of absolutely devoted disciples, he worked out an immense fabric of observation. He had to discover by ransacking the history of medicine, by studying the science of toxicology, and especially by actual experiment on his own body and the persons of others, what diseases or groups of symptoms each medicine is capable of calling out in the healthy man. Otherwise his principle were all but useless. A great portion of this herculean task he accomplished at Cöthen; and it is remarkable that the accuracy and the extent of his observation are equally wonderful. He has not yet been found to have been wrong in a single matter of fact; and medical thinkers of all schools are agreed in regarding his project, of discovering the actual effects of medicines on the healthy, as nothing less than an epochal point in the history of medicine. Even at Cöthen, notwithstanding that his fame was so loud as to bring Prince Schwarzenberg from Vienna to consult him in a mortal malady, he had to consult his comfort by confining himself to his house and garden. An enthusiastic admirer of his doctrine and his experimental researches, as well as of his practice and character, once visited him there. The stranger was taken to the garden, where the discoverer was sitting. "Hofrath," said he, "I have heard of your garden and of your walks in it; but it is wondrous little!"



"Yes," answered the investigator, "it is but a narrow patch; but there is no end to its height."

It was in 1796 that Hahnemann published his famous essay in Hufeland's Journal, entitled "An attempt to find a new principle for the discovery of the healing power of medicine, along with some observations upon the existing methods." It consisted in a searching analysis of the prevalent plans of treatment, in an appeal to the few instances of specific remedies for specific diseases then known and universally valued, and in a proposal to discover such specific remedies for all other diseases; and it was his last contribution to the (then) orthodox literature of medicine. It explicitly taught and exemplified the new doctrine, or rather the very old homœopathic doctrine, quickened and generalized. This may be considered the starting-point of Hahnemann's original public life, and it occurred in the forty-first year of his age.

He was a man of fifty when he published, in 1805, an epitome of his *opus magnum*, in the shape of a memoir on "The Medicine of Experience;" and in the same year he sent forth his "Fragments concerning the Actual Powers of Medicine," written in Latin. At last, in 1810, the "Organon of the Healing Art" made its memorable appearance, just twenty years after the idea of homœopathy had fairly germinated in his mind. In the mean time, he had already gathered a worthy band of adherents; so that the homœopathic practice of physic may be said to have been in organic existence during the last fifty years. It has spread everywhere. There were no homœopaths in this country in 1830; there are now upwards of one hundred and fifty. Hahnemann himself removed to Paris after the publication of the "Organon," where he

worked an immense practice, and lived to the age of eighty-eight.

It is impossible yet to tell how much of truth, or how much of error, there exists in that truly wonderful product of the human mind, known and now widely taught under the name of homœopathy. Time alone can try so great and complicated a case. But it may be noticed in the mean time, how much the character and career of Hahnemann resemble those of the few greater names in science. He reminds us of Copernicus and others his peers. His comparatively humble birth, his early proficiencies, his young self-determination, his life-long industry, his vast learning, his somewhat fierce self-reliance notwithstanding of his erudition, his conscientious withdrawal from practice, his consecration to one large thought, the enthusiasm with which he inspired his medical disciples, the hatred he roused against himself throughout professional Europe, the rich esteem he won from men of letters, the devotion of his innumerable patients, the seclusion in which he lived, the business-like orderliness of his life and conversation, and the simplicity of his whole orbit, are all significant of the transit of a great and practical discoverer. It seems that Jean Paul has characterized him as "that two-headed prodigy of learning and philosophy, whose system, though at first despised, is yet to drag to ruin the common receipt-crammed heads." The present century will likely either fulfil or explode that magniloquent prophecy: but the main thing to be insisted on is this, that come what may over his labors, supposing even that they turn out to be no more than a negative criticism of existing systems, it shall never be denied with impunity that the spirit in which he lived and wrought was both manly and religious, both humane and great, both industrious and sublime.

From Bentley's Quarterly Review.  
HORACE WALPOLE.

*Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford:*  
edited by Peter Cunningham: now first  
chronologically arranged. Nine vols. 8vo.  
Bentley: London, 1857-59.

THE editions of Horace Walpole's letters have been very numerous, and the principle of selection in them has been very various; but, whatever their merits, their incompleteness detracted from the value of them all, and left a void which still needed to be supplied. The chronological arrangement of his letters, and the publication of many of them for the first time, render the present edition all that can be desired. The convenience of such an arrangement is obvious: we have now before us a pretty regular journal of what appeared to Walpole to be the most important transactions of the eighteenth century, from the year 1735 to the year 1797, mingled with remarks on characters and manners always more entertaining, and often more instructive than formal history, while the scandal, gossip, and anecdotes, which enliven his pages, impart to them an interest akin to that of Sheridan's comedy or Miss Austen's novels. The editor has performed his functions with laudable zeal and with a wise economy in annotation. He has retained the notes of previous editors, "silently correcting their errors, or enlarging their information;" and his own notes he has "sought to make appropriate to the text, and, above all things, accurate." We have detected a few misprints, especially in Latin quotations; but what are they among nine goodly octavo volumes? "Duplex libelli dos est" when an editor tells all that is needful for the readers' instruction, and forbears superfluous comment. Mr. Cunningham is as good as a chorus in interpreting "who is who," and from whom descended, in the Walpole portrait-gallery; in explaining what plays, birthday-odes, or biting satires, attracted notice at Strawberry Hill; the special occasion of George Selwyn's jests, of the Duchess of Kingston's or the Duke of Newcastle's eccentricities, and of the various foibles, fopperies, or perchance, vices, incident to persons of quality under the second and third sovereigns of the House of Hanover.

The correspondence of Horace Walpole extends over a period of more than sixty years. During all that time he was indefatigable in his epistolary vocation—for such he considered

it to be. "Mine," he says, to Montagu, "is a life of letter-writing." For his partiality to this species of composition the reasons are obvious. It had nothing in it common or unclean—and Horace was nice in his contact with literature. Great men, indeed, had in all ages composed histories; but Sir Robert Walpole had told his son that "histories could not be true," and the son regarded with implicit faith all the *dicta* of his worldly-wise father. And in the estimation of Horace, though in the words of Gibbon, "no altar had been raised to the muse of history in Britain," until Hume and Robertson respectively had published their first narratives. The remark was untrue; but Walpole was not the man to admire Clarendon's stately eloquence, or to take pleasure in the folios of Raleigh and Knolles. History, moreover, since Clarendon's age, had fallen into the hands of vulgar and venal scribes; and the fastidious author of the "Memoirs of George the Second's Reign," had no inclination to cast his lot with the "Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes." Such histories, therefore, as he saw good to write, he left for posthumous publication. But the composition of letters was liable to no similar objections. Letter-writing suited a desultory man; letter-writing admitted of much that history excluded—scandal, gossip, floating rumors, jests with the bloom upon them, and, above all, of private malice. There were also high precedents for the art epistolary,—Cicero and Pliny, Pope and Sir William Temple, Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, had been adepts in it. Nor was there any thing vulgar in writing a letter. Letters to a friend involved not dealings with publishers, and were secure, in manuscript at least, from the ribaldry of critics. So though Walpole, first and last, published several quartos, he reserved his strength for his correspondents. "He made letter-writing a study," says Mr. Cunningham, "and was fond of showing his skill in his favorite art." For the perpetuity of his name he chose wisely. The works of Lord Orford are seldom taken down from the shelves; the letters of Horace Walpole lie on most library tables, among the novels and newspapers of the day.

Southey, at the opening of his excellent "Life of Cowper," calls the poet "the best of English letter-writers." He can hardly have forgotten Walpole when he wrote thus; and the majority of readers will certainly not en-

dorse his opinion. But Southey's predilection for Cowper's letters may, possibly, have been owing to some similarity in their respective circumstances, possibly also to a dislike of the Whig principles, and the mocking spirit of Walpole. Without leading the life of the recluse of Olney, Southey passed many months in each year apart from the world, and in the unbroken routine of a private household; and although no two poets can well have daily looked upon more opposite scenes than Cowper in the flats of Bedfordshire, and Southey among the Cumbrian mountains, yet both equally took delight in celebrating *domestica facta*, the incidents of the week, the doings and the fortunes of their cats and hares, their solitary or social walks, or their literary projects and performances. But while we freely admit Cowper's excellence as a letter-writer, we must award the palm to Walpole. So far as respects style, indeed, we think Cowper entitled to the preference. The one invariably writes English pure and undefiled; the other often indulges in phrases and licences of speech, which, though elegant in their native French, are improprieties, if not indeed barbarisms, in English. Again, the humor of Cowper is often more agreeable, because it is more spontaneous, than the wit of Walpole. But all comparison ends as soon as we pass from the manner to the matter of these letter-writers. Between Cowper's ignorance of what the world beyond the boundaries of Olney or Weston, was doing, and Walpole's knowledge of what was making or marring in London or Paris, at Windsor or in St. Stephen's Chapel, there is as much difference as that which exists between the news of a local paper, and the daily volume of the *Times*. In the one case, we marvel at the writer's skill in making so much of his slender materials; in the other at the writer's power of compressing infinite intelligence in a little room. In Cowper, we behold a naturally cheerful temper struggling with disease, and catching at trifles to divert himself and his correspondents; in Walpole, we see the workings of an inquisitive spirit, which, having accidentally missed its true vocation in public life, busies itself incessantly with a world which it affects to despise.

That one who exhibited himself under such various phases to his correspondents, and through them to the world, should be himself portrayed by others under the most inconsistent aspects, need not excite surprise. If

Horace Walpole is represented by those who know him in his writings alone as a coxcomb, "a fribble" (the word is Warburton's), a tuft-hunter, or as heartless, vain, and superficial, he has none to thank for these ungracious epithets but himself. We think, in opposition to some high authorities, that behind his mask there breathed a kindly nature, as undoubtedly there lurked an intellect more powerful than he ever affected to possess. A mask, and a very flexible one too, it was his pleasure to wear, and neither he nor his friends have any right to complain that the vizard has been generally taken for the natural countenance. Yet they who have described Horace Walpole as the "meanest of mankind," who allow him no merit except that of a talent for letter-writing, who liken him to the reed which bruises the hand that leans on it, to the summer friend, to the flattering foe, have forgotten, or did not like to remember, that when Conway was supposed to be in distress, Walpole offered to divide his whole income with his friend, that he took on himself the entire blame of his early quarrel with Gray, that he was generous to some most perverse relatives, that he was an affectionate guardian and adviser to his nieces, and that his friendship for Mrs. Clive and the Miss Berrys never chilled or changed. Not habitually liberal, he was strictly just; and while betraying more anxiety about his income—an income, be it remembered, dependent, in great measure, on the will and pleasure of every new First Lord of the Treasury—than became his assumed philosophy, he was secretly and discreetly generous. His correspondence with his deputies in the Exchequer, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford and Mr. Charles Bedford, now published for the first time by Mr. Bentley, "reveals to us what Walpole revealed to no other person, his unostentatious charity, and his active sympathy with persons incarcerated for debt." When we condemn his assumption or his concealment in other matters, let us not forget to record that he also suppressed much which many men would have proclaimed.

Again, while it is pretty generally agreed that he was the best of English letter-writers, his other works have met with scant praise, at least in the present generation. One critic sees little to admire in the "Castle of Otranto," except the brevity and smart dialogue of the story. Walpole's contemporaries thought differently, and so do those admirable judges

of fiction, schoolboys and schoolgirls. Even now were their voices collected, we are persuaded that they would generally subscribe to Gray's opinion on the romancelet. "It makes some of us," he wrote to Walpole in 1764, "cry a little: and all, in general, afraid to go to bed o' nights." He has been charged with merely pointing other men's building, yet who would read, or have even heard of Vertue's "Notes on Painters," had not Walpole breathed life into these dry bones? His detractors, too, have not remarked how much in the present world of literature and art was initiated by Walpole. His "Mysterious Mother," repulsive as its plot is, has more of the vein of the Elizabethan and Carolinian drama, than can be found in any tragedy of a date subsequent to the Restoration. His "Castle of Otranto" is the Banquo of an innumerable issue of stories, that harrowed thousands of readers with fear and wonder, until Scott rendered history tributary to fiction, and showed that terror and pity can be awakened by more natural instruments than sombre forests and solitary castles, or nuns with bleeding bosoms, and spectres treading long corridors in the very armor which they wore in life. His building at Strawberry Hill, though now looked upon by those whose eyes are opened by Pugin and Sir Charles Barry as gingerbread Gothic, was yet, sixty years since, a step in the right path, of which architects like Batty Langley and Wyatt were incapable; and it is to Gray, Thomas Warton, and Horace Walpole, that the Rickmans, and other leaders of the revival of the present day, are remotely indebted for the dawn of that better taste and more profound knowledge which their own writings display. His "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," set the fashion of minute inquiry among the byways of history, and has led to results of incalculable value to history on the grand scale. The deeply read are few in number in any age, and they will always resort to the Oldyses, the Baillets, and Hearnes for information; but the curious in every age are many, and they will apply with profit and pleasure to such instructors as Walpole. Finally, his museum, even if its contents sometimes excite a smile, was one of the parents of archæological societies, and the Strawberry Hill's

"Routh o' auld nick-nackets,  
Rusty airm caps an' jinglin jackets,  
An' parritch pats an' auld saut-backets,"

has indirectly thrown light on Froissart's pages, and on Shakspeare's scenes.

Walpole has been taxed with exalting to high station in literature, so far at least as regards his own "little senate," "slight unmeritable men," and of undervaluing or ignoring the burning and shining lights of his age. It is alleged that he claims for writers of rank and fashion the precedence in literature, to which they were really entitled in drawing-rooms: that he speaks of the contributors to the periodical paper called "The World" as "our first writers," although, with the exception of Soame Jenyns and Lord Chesterfield, not one of them is now remembered, even in name,—that he could not read Thomson's "Seasons," or Rasselas, or Tom Jones,—that he thought meanly of Robertson's Charles Fifth; and had little relish for the "Night Thoughts," or the "Divine Legation." Yet, unless we regard Gray, Mason, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, as ineffectual lights of the eighteenth century, this allegation falls to the ground. Every one of these writers was greeted by Walpole on his first appearance with hearty applause: for Gray he felt as much reverence as his nature was perhaps capable of, and although he considered Robertson's "History of Charles," inferior to his "History of Scotland," there is neither proof nor symptom in his writings of a decreasing admiration for the "Decline and Fall." Walpole's reluctance to be ranked among authors, when contrasted with the facts of his having published quartos, and the pains he took with his epistolary compositions, has drawn upon him much grave censure, which, though not undeserved, has been, in our opinion, excessive. To understand his scruples, or perhaps his affectation in the matter of authorship, we must advert to what he saw and knew of the literary men of his time. In his youth he was not well situated for observing them as a class. The writers in the pay of the minister were a venal crew, with few pretensions to literary merit, and with none to honest or consistent principles. The captain of these banditti, who a century earlier would have taken indifferently the pay of the Swede or the Austrian, was Arnall, an attorney of more than ordinary ill repute. This hireling, who lisped in libels in his very nonage, wrote in "The Free Briton," and "The Gazetteer," under the honored name of *Francis Walsingham*. He is reported to



have received from Walpole above ten thousand pounds for his ignominious labors, and to have retired from them with a pension. "The pompous folios of Gordon," as Gibbon, justly terms that writer's translation of, and dissertations on, Tacitus, formed a small portion only of his literary tasks. Gordon was an active pamphleteer in the service of the Treasury, and was rewarded with a commissionership of wine-licenses. Guthrie, who passed from the camp of the Walpoles to that of the Pelhams, unblushingly avowed himself "an author by profession," which, being interpreted, meant "an author to let." Nor were the Tory scribes Nicholas Amhurst or Dr. James Drake a whit more respectable. So numerous indeed, and so eager for employment were these worthies, that the minister at length grew tired of employing them, and left them to prosper as they could in the barren service of the Opposition, or to fatten on the promises of Leicester House. So common indeed was the trade of selling the pen, that even Johnson avowed that "till fame appears to be worth more than money, he would always prefer money to fame;" while Fielding, in one of his *Covent Garden Journals*, asserts that "an author in a country where there is no public provision for men of genius, is not obliged to be a more disinterested patriot than any other. Why is he whose livelihood is in his pen, a greater monster in using it to serve himself, than he who uses his tongue for the same purpose?"

The truth is, that at the time when Horace Walpole first contemplated literary society in England, there was little in it to attract any but a very needy man, and much to repel an honest one. The time for individual patronage had passed away, the time for support and encouragement by a reading public had not arrived. The vocation of poet was in no good repute. "By heavens, Frank!" exclaims the elder Osbaldistone, in "Rob Roy," on discovering that Mr. Francis had been writing verses in place of invoices, "you are a greater fool than I took you for." Mr. Osbaldistone's opinion was founded upon the fortunes and characters of such adventurers as Richard Savage, who one day flaunted in purple and fine linen, and dined on ortolans and claret—the proceeds of a prosperous dedication or a popular play—and the next were inmates of a spunging-house, or grovelled on the ashes of a glass-house, because

they had not wherewith to pay for a night's lodging. A comparison of Horace Walpole's age with that of some of his most distinguished literary contemporaries may assist us in understanding his repugnance to be deemed a professional author. He was ten years younger than Fielding, eight years younger than Samuel Johnson, and six years younger than David Hume. Smollett, Robertson, Goldsmith, and Gibbon, were his juniors. Cowper, Churchill, and Bonnell Thornton, were at Westminster while he was at Eton, and the works by which they rendered the Georgian era illustrious were not produced until long after Walpole had chosen his course and imbibed his prejudices. Of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Smollett, his earliest knowledge would be that they were in the pay of Osborn, Cave, and Griffith, and though raised above the common herd by their abilities, yet belonged to it by their calling as writers. David Hume, again, private secretary to Lord Hertford, and the observed of all observers in the saloons of Paris, was a very different person from David Hume, partly tutor, partly keeper in the house of a half-sane kinsman. Robertson in his manse at Gladsmuir was as remote from Walpole's ken, as if he had been keeper of archives to the King of Dahomey, and if he had heard Gibbon's name it was probably in connection with his removal from Oxford, as a convert to the Romish Church. Of the earlier and greater luminaries of our literature there are few traces in Walpole's letters. He once or twice cites a verse or two from the "Faery Queen," the merits of which he may have heard from his friend Gray. He seems to have preferred Racine to Shakspeare, and speaks of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" as one might now speak of a third-rate opera. Perhaps, like Johnson, he accounted "Paradise Lost" a task to read; certainly he betrays no tokens of acquaintance with it; and of Chaucer he knew as much as he did of the *Sacotala*.

Indeed, both as regards his political and his literary career, Horace Walpole held a position very similar to that of the bat in the fable, when the birds and the beasts went to war with one another. Although, throughout his life, he was a Whig of the Whigs in theory, he actually belonged neither to the Pelham section nor the Bedford section of that party. Although his pen was that of a ready writer, authors by profession, with few exceptions,



looked askance on him as a fine gentleman, while fine gentlemen, on their part, stood in awe of him as a wit. Again, the social habits of those days militated against his popularity. He never owned a race-horse, or betted a guinea at Newmarket: he would play at loo till two in the morning, but he would not shake a dice-box at White's: and while two-thirds of the world were quaffing their particular port and madeira, he was drinking tea or iced water. Among the strong-headed men of that time he passed for a Sir Courtly Nice, or a Fastidious Brisk. His favorite pursuits, too, were as generally unacceptable as himself. Pope's "Satires" upon the Vistos and Curios of Queen Anne's reign, and Johnson's declamation against the trifling of *virtuosos*, were fresh in men's ears; and Walpole's antiquarian studies seemed as frivolous as any which were ridiculed in the "Dunciad" or the "Rambler." Even Walpole's friends contributed in some measure, to the disfavor in which he was held. Gray was stiff and shy in general society; had the mien of a *petit maître*; "had no dislike," as Walpole said of him, "to find fault;" had, now and then, unsheathed satirical claws; dressed in his muff, bootikins, and mulberry-colored silk coat, more like a French marquis than a true Briton; and chilled even scholars like Dr. Conyers Middleton by his great learning and his habitual reserve. Mason was not merely a parson in buckram, but also a satirist more pungent than Young, and but little less so than Pope. Cole, though an Etonian bred, had become, by long residence among the fens of Cambridgeshire, a kind of Parson Adams, very erudite in antiquity, very alarming in polite company. Conway was a blunt soldier; and Sir Horace Mann, expatriated at Florence, was as little known as the Grand Duke in the clubs of London. The envy which pursued the Roman Horace to the saloons of Mæcenas and Augustus followed his English namesake to St. James'. His niece had married for her second husband a prince of the blood royal. The daughters of England made morning calls at Strawberry Hill, and played cards with Walpole at Windsor: and though "principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est" might have been pleaded by him, yet the favors of royal hosts or guests, are apt to enkindle ill feelings in those who do not participate in them.

Errors of taste have been imputed to Wal-

pole as high crimes and misdemeanors. We have already cited his opinion of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In a letter to Sir Horace Mann, he says that he would rather have written the most absurd lines of mad Nathaniel Lee than Thomson's "Seasons." We do not pretend to excuse such rash or shallow judgments: yet they perhaps admit, if the circumstances of Walpole's life and position be fairly weighed, of some extenuation. We can remember the time when the sale of Mr. Robert Montgomery's poems far exceeded that of Mr. Wordsworth's. It is even on record that an eminent London publisher expressed, by a cipher in his ledger, the market value of the "Lyrical Ballads." Dr. Parr pronounced a certain Mr. Steward to be a greater poet than either Scott, Byron, or Moore. Yet we do not, therefore, consider the nineteenth century as the lower empire of literature, or deny to Dr. Parr the merit of great though ill-digested learning. Walpole did not admire Dr. Johnson; had no special liking for Goldsmith; and took a wrong measure of Edmund Burke. With the Johnsonian circle his own did not osculate. But are these dislikes to be put down to the account of wholesale affectation of positive incompetence? Let us endeavor to realize Walpole's relations to the literary world of his day before assuming a virtuous indignation at his opinions of its leaders. He had never been made free of the guild of literature, as literature, for the most part, then was. He had never been in doubt, when he rose in the morning, whether he should be able to afford himself a dinner at noon. He had never been exposed to Osborn's insolence, or been postponed to Colley Cibber in Lord Chesterfield's antechamber. The world had always presented itself to him as it appears in Bunyan's "Vanity Fair," arrayed in silk and velvet and with all the pomp and circumstance of gilded chariots and sideboards of plate. He knew Grub Street only by report. He confounded Johnson and Goldsmith with all he had heard of Savage in his youth, and of Churchill in his riper years. He was at once too near and too apart from them to speak of them dispassionately, and he regarded them in Mrs. Thrale's drawing-room as he would have regarded them in the garrets of Fleet Street or the Minorities.

For these offences his memory has been visited with ample, perhaps with excessive,

severity. By politicians he has been denounced as the prince of hypocrites, the most grasping of placemen, the most faithless of partisans. By authors he has been assailed as a frivolous, affected, and timid writer, panting for literary fame, yet ashamed of being reckoned among the brethren of the craft—

"Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage."

Whigs cry "shame on his half-fellowship:" Tories hold him up as an example of Whig meanness. The world laughs with him and at him; but neither the world nor its law is his friend. Yet the arrows with which he has been pierced have been drawn from his own quiver; and he has been condemned above his fellows because he has furnished more abundant evidence against himself than all of them put together. The candor which has been applauded in Horace and Montaigne is accounted a crime in Walpole. Lord Macaulay has rent him like a lion: the late Mr. Croker has tracked his frivolities and his anxieties, on the score of his places and pensions, with the pertinacity of a bloodhound. His wit, anecdotes, and acquaintance with the secret history of England in the nineteenth century, have amused the idle and instructed the diligent, while the reputation of one who has so liberally catered for both classes of readers has been as roughly handled as if he had been a criminal and not simply a coxcomb.

But we do not propose to become Horace Walpole's advocates. To be blind to his faults we must close our eyes purposely to the evidence which he has himself furnished of them. We might as well refuse to see Ciber's vanity, Boswell's incontinence of speech, the simplicity of Goldsmith, or the arrogance of Johnson. When, however, we are told that Walpole's sketches of his contemporaries are as untrustworthy as Plutarch's "Lives," and that Plutarch had the excuse of distance of time and paucity of documents for his inaccuracy, which will not avail Walpole, we must not forget that, since the publication of his "Letters" to Mann and Conway, his portraits of the great Whig leaders and the great Tory leaders have been often confirmed by independent vouchers, and most remarkably by Lord Hervey's "Memoirs." Walpole colored highly, especially when he dipped his brush in gall: nor was he consistent in his likes and dislikes, setting up and pulling down, changing square for round at different

periods of his long life. Yet to deny him all credit because he is not always consistent with himself involves consequences that would equally affect all historians of their own times. How would Clarendon and Burnet, Cicero and Cæsar, or even Xenophon and Thucydides bear such a test? What would become of the memorialists of the Fronde, of the Regency, or of the Revolution of 1789, if they were put to such a probation? Indeed, what has been said aptly enough of Seneca—that "he went to the fair of good names and bought a reasonable commodity of them"—cannot be said of Walpole. In his lifetime his hand was against many men, and during his life and since his death, the hands of many men have been against him. Of his foibles whips have been made to scourge him with. He was a vain man, and men vain as he have been loud in their rebukes of his vanity; he was an irritable man, and writers possessing the temper but not the pen of Junius have denounced his irascibility; he was an artful man, but he had not the art to hide it gracefully; and he was an ambitious man, but his ambition was not of the kind which ennoble its owner, or which, in the long run, men applaud.

The Letters which we have now before us, arranged in the order of time, afford, perhaps, the most complete and curious journal of a life to be found in any literature. The circumstances which gave to that life its form and color we shall presently examine: but we must first say a word or two on Walpole's autobiography—for such his Letters are. That he intended them for publication there can be no doubt. He begged his living friends to return the originals to him: he required and obtained them from the heirs and executors of his deceased correspondents: he caused careful transcripts to be made of them: he set the example of publishing a few of them himself: he bequeathed others on certain conditions: and he guarded them all with as much jealousy as his title-deeds to Strawberry Hill. To his Letters he confided his thoughts, favors, fears, and affections, as the satirist Lucilius intrusted all that he felt or purposed to his books.

"Ille velut fides arcana sodalibus olim  
Credebat libris—"

—quo fit ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti depicta tabella

Vita senis."

There can be little doubt, then, that he thought

his life sufficiently important for posterity to know, and that he looked forward to a time when his correspondence would furnish the materials for a sketch, if not a portrait, of him as he lived and labored, or, as he perhaps would have phrased it, as he loitered and trifled. Such an undertaking would require a writer of kindred mood to Walpole; but we can perhaps suggest, with these volumes before us, some of the conditions for its proper execution.

The times in which Walpole lived, the family to which he belonged, and the position he occupied from a very early period of his life—a position quite inconsistent with the promise of his youth and earlier manhood—severally affected his disposition, his opinions, and his writings, and will accordingly be worth a brief survey on the present occasion. Whatever doubts may have been raised of the sincerity of his friendship, none have ever been whispered of the strength of his filial affection. He inscribed beneath McArdell's mezzotint from his portrait by Sir Joshua—he desired to inscribe on his tomb at Houghton—"Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford."

"A Jove principium,"—we commence our speculations on the character of the son with a brief survey of the public and private life of the father. The reign of George the Second may not disadvantageously be compared, for the real happiness of the community, with any earlier portion of English annals. The aspect of this country towards foreign nations has often been more dignified, and seldom, since she possessed a literature or aspired to art, has her intellectual condition been lower than in this reign. A few of the wits of Anne's time still lingered on the stage, but their greatest works had been written, and the greater lights of the Georgian era had scarcely appeared on the horizon. The nation, however, in general prospered. The wages of the laborer were higher than at any former period; agriculture was better remunerated; commerce better understood; and the public debt, though its amount then excited alarms which now appear ludicrous, and though too little care was taken in redeeming it, pressed lightly on the nation; and even the loans demanded by the war of 1743, were scarcely felt at the moment. The long wars of William and Anne had exhausted the patience of the English people: they were weary

of barren glory, and sighed for more substantial fruits of their blood and treasure than the humiliation of the House of Bourbon, or the maintenance of the triple alliance. The administration of the "great peace minister," afforded them the desired repose, and during the twenty years that followed the treaty of Hanover, spears were turned into pruning-hooks, and the borders of our commercial enterprise were greatly extended. As a consequence of the increase of wealth, the power of the territorial aristocracy was encroached upon by rich capitalists. They were enabled to purchase the smaller boroughs which had been hitherto the property of the Crown, or of the neighboring peers and gentlemen, and Norwich, Bristol, and Leeds grew formidable in the Commons house. Money was rapidly becoming a rival to high birth; the sheep-skin of the Howards was counterpoised by the sheep-skin of bonds and mortgages, and boroughs, like estates in land or bills of exchange, became negotiable property.

The station of prime minister has never been more authoritative in England than it was in Walpole's hands. For a brief season the elder or the younger Pitt may, in virtue of popular panic or clamor, have been as powerful. Of former sovereigns some had ruled as well as governed; others had devolved on their cabinets or their favorites the business, and reserved for themselves the pleasures, of their high office. William the Third had been his own foreign secretary: none knew so well as he "what the French or what the Swede intended," and no one, therefore, was better qualified for the post than himself. Anne was herself governed, at least in all temporal matters, by the Churchills, by Lady Masham, or by any one sufficiently near at hand to coax or frighten her; yet neither Harley, St. John, Marlborough, nor Godolphin, were at any time the sole arbiters of the destinies of Britain. Without were intrigues with St. Germain's; within were closet and back-stair influences. Walpole was the first to rule this kingdom nearly independent of both crown and parliament: of the crown, because George the Second was absorbed by the affairs of his electorate; of parliament, because, if the members were not universally Walpole's servants, a sufficient majority for all working purposes either pocketed or hoped for his wages. The crown had lost, the people had not yet acquired, power

over its representatives; and not until a younger generation, ignorant of the burden of wars, had arisen, did the nation wax impatient of material prosperity, or kick against the minister whose policy insured it.

Yet, in spite of all these material advantages, the era of Walpole was not one for a great nation to be proud of. It was not, indeed, like that of Charles II., an age seemingly given over to corruption and vice; it was not like that of the first Charles, a time of trial for constitutional government; nor like the first moiety of George the Third's reign, a period of distraction at home and dishonor abroad. But it was a low era; low in its morals, low in its religious tone, low in intellect and art, low also in the habits of social life. Nor was the character of the minister himself calculated to raise that of the age. He could render a people prosperous; he could make the sovereign respected; he long managed the House of Commons, as he managed his estate in Norfolk. His speeches were remarkable for their good sense; his good humor was almost imperturbable; he brooked, indeed, no divisions in his camp, and would rather cast to the winds his best supporters than permit them to be laggard or wander at will. But on the obedient his yoke was easy, and if there were any pain in compliance it was effectually soothed by remedies dispensed quarterly from the treasury. Here, however, Walpole's merits ended; his eloquence did not inspire the hearers of it with noble purposes or emotions; his measures made men richer, but not more free or enlightened. He would have stared and laughed had any one suggested to him the education of the masses; he would have acquiesced and laughed if a Deist sat in the throne of Tillotson; and his laughter would have been inextinguishable had any person whom he accounted sane proposed to him a reform in the representation of the people.

Walpole's influence for good or evil ceased on the 9th of February, 1742. His son Horace was then in his twenty-fifth year, and we will now trace his fortunes up to this the decisive epoch of his life. For though he could never have filled his father's place, yet, from the few samples he gave of parliamentary ability, it is by no means improbable that he might have proved not more unworthy to succeed the great peace minister of George II. than the younger Pitt was to succeed the great war minister of George III.

The education of Horace Walpole resembled, in all its external features at least, that of the young noblemen and wealthy commoners of his day; he was committed to a private tutor, under whose roof "his cousins, the four younger sons of Lord Townshend, were his companions;" Eton, King's College, Cambridge, and what was then called "the grand tour of Europe." At Eton the sedentary and studious habits of later years, already displayed themselves—the child was father of the man; or, as in his case it may be interpreted, the valetudinarian boy of the self-indulgent man. His companions at Eton and Cambridge were lads unfitted, like himself, for athletic exercises: Gray and West, George Montagu and Cole. We are not told whether Cole so early displayed a taste for antiquarian pursuits, but we know that Gray and West cultivated Latin verses more than football or cricket, and read beyond their daily tasks in Virgil and Horace. Montagu, in a MS. memoir in Mr. Cunningham's possession, probably describes the five schoolmates in the following description of his own boyhood. "I was of a tender, delicate constitution and turn of mind, and more adapted to reading than to exercise, to sedentary amusements than robust play. I had an early passion for poetry: at Eton, when in the fifth form, I presumed to make English verses for my exercise, a thing not practised then." Gray's disrelish for the regular and remunerative studies of Cambridge is notorious. Walpole, who had not his bread to earn, was not likely to pursue the path to university honors; on the contrary, with the then nearly certain prospect of public life before him, he more wisely "went to lectures in civil law to Dr. Dickens of Trinity Hall, learnt Italian of Signor Piazza;" in the long vacation "learnt to dance and fence, and to draw of Bernard Lens," master, he complacently adds, "to the Duke of Cumberland and the Princesses Mary and Louisa." Gibbon, "hiving knowledge with each studious year," attended in mature life the mathematical lectures of Simpson, and the anatomical course of John Hunter. Walpole curtly says, "I heard [at Cambridge] Dr. Battie's anatomical lectures." How his mathematical studies prospered he told Miss Berry nearly sixty years after both his tutors, "blind Professor Sanderson" and a more patient Mr. Travigar, had alike given up their pupil in despair.



But it was what he heard and saw at home that trained the youthful Horace in the way he was destined to go. "His writings from youth to age," says Mr. Cunningham, "breathe the most affectionate love for his mother, and the most unbounded filial regard for his father." We take this to be a correct division of his feelings towards either parent. His intercourse with Sir Robert, at least during his school and college days, can have been little more than a few rough yet cordial greetings on the staircase in Arlington Street, or in the sitting-room at Houghton. For the hours which the minister could spare from the House or the royal closet were absorbed by his beagles, his Norfolk warrens and preserves, his picture-gallery, Mrs. Maria Skerret's boudoir, and—the bottle. At a later period, indeed, the anecdote-loving son hung on the lips of his narrative sire, and imbibed from them a profound knowledge of secret history as well as a profound distrust of mankind. But these confidences were limited to seasons when the gout kept old Sir Robert in his easy chair. As soon as his chains were loosened, he rode as hard and drank as freely as ever, to the scandal of his graver neighbors, one of whom, his kinsman and colleague, Lord Townshend, was annually driven from Rainham when the roar of *Comus* and his crew was up at the neighboring Houghton. Horace could not endure the beef-witted lords and squires of East-Anglia in those days, and had as little taste for the bottle as the kennel. In his mother centred itself his filial love. Horace was her youngest child—youngest by eleven years—the child, therefore, in a manner, of her old age. He was extremely weak and delicate; and those about him in his infancy were wont to say, "This child cannot live long." Fears for his life and pity for his feebleness rendered even a mother's love unusually intense, and her son ever cherished the tenderest recollection of her devotion to him. Gray, for a like reason, entertained similar feelings. "I have found," he writes to West after his mother's death, "that one can have but one mother." In the Chapel of Henry VII.—"that acre sown with royal seed," as Jeremy Taylor calls it—where our Stuart kings and queens lie entombed beside William of Orange, Horace Walpole erected a marble statue (a copy of the *Livia Mattei*) of his mother. The memory of her virtues at once saddened

and consoled him in the incongenial region of Houghton; and when he collected his writings he took care to record a saying of Pope's that the mother of Horace Walpole was "untainted by a court."

The children, however, of Robert Walpole, Esq., the younger, of Houghton, and of Catherine, eldest daughter of John Shorter, of Bybrook, were not altogether reared like the other sons and daughters of the land. In those days a prime minister was sometimes expected to amuse as well as to hear, instruct, and advise majesty, and with good punch and bad Latin Sir Robert heard, counselled, and entertained King George the First. The friendship which existed between the jovial statesman and the forlorn old elector, who missed his stately parterres and ugly house at Herrenhausen, and who expected weekly that some revolution would thrust him out of England, was transferred to Queen Caroline, and though her royal partner was less attached to Sir Robert than his father had been, the king liked his minister well enough, and trusted him implicitly. These friendships of the closet, almost unavoidably rendered the Walpoles and the royal household one family. Their feuds were common; their interests were alike, since both were concerned in opposing the Tories generally, and the Leicester House section of the Whigs particularly, and the sons of the prime minister, in a court and state divided by jealous factions, were scarcely less flattered or envied than if they had been actual scions of royalty. Such a position, at a period of life when impressions are the strongest, exerted its natural effect on the mind of the younger Walpole. He affects in his writings to applaud the sentence by which Cæsar and Charles the First perished, yet his republicanism is but lip-deep, and he was at all times an observer of royalty in the concrete. He has put on record his early yearning to see a king, a yearning, doubtless, derived from the echoes and the atmosphere of his father's house in Downing Street. "It was," he says in his "Reminiscences," "the first vehement inclination that I ever expressed." His vehemence prevailed. His mother solicited the Duchess of Kendal to obtain for him the honor of kissing his majesty's hand. The favor so unusual to be asked by a boy of ten years old, could not be refused to the first minister's child, although the Duchess was at



that moment plotting against Sir Robert in favor of the "cankered Bolingbroke," as Addison was wont to term him.

Walpole attributes his desire to salute the royal hand, to the "female attendants in the family putting it into his head." It is probable that the hearing of so much royal doings at home was cause quite sufficient for the curiosity of a boy of ten years old, who may, moreover, have fancied, with Jeanie Deans, that he should behold the king bearing his crown and sceptre, and sitting in the gate of his palace. If he did so, he was much disappointed, for he saw only by candle-light an elderly man, very like the head on his own shillings, "with a dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-colored cloth, with stockings of the same color, and a blue riband over all." Master Horace was so engrossed by this august spectacle of a middle-sized gentleman in a suit of ditto, that he scarcely looked at his fair companion. A glance, however, on entering the room showed him a very tall, lean, ill-favored old lady, Erengard de Schulemberg, Duchess of Munster in Ireland, and Duchess of Kendal in England.

The fair promise of Horace Walpole's boyhood and early manhood was overcast by his father's unpopularity towards the close of his career. At twenty he was caressed and flattered by all who coveted a cheque on the Treasury or an invitation to shoot partridges at Houghton. He was then the "spes altera Romæ," the cynosure of youthful expectants and veteran sinecurists. He says, indeed, that at this period of his life his father showed him no especial favor; but the *secreta aulae* were unfathomed by the world of suitors, and hope sprang eternal in their breasts. At twenty-five he was "old Sir Robert's son" only, and Sir Robert, now Lord Orford, was out of place, and no more "that same mighty man" who held the keys of the political Elysium, but an unpopular minister awaiting the recompense of Clarendon, and meriting, as many thought, the doom of Strafford. The divisions of his adversaries saved the ex-minister from the threatened impeachment, and their feuds and follies were leading the nation to regret its haste in discarding him, when a power more inexorable than the voice of the people or the judgment of his peers arrested the veteran statesman. His death did not pave the way for his son's advancement, in

spite of the reaction in his favor. Horace would not act with that section of the Whigs which had undermined his father's power; he could not ally himself, in the teeth of family traditions, with the opponents of the Whigs; nor did he possess the energy, the patience, or the forward-looking faith which enabled Sir Robert Peel to re-organize a shattered party after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.

On the 10th of March, 1739, Walpole set out on his travels, accompanied by his friend Mr. Thomas Gray, to whom the post of companion to the prime minister's son doubtless seemed advancement. Their temporary disagreement is as notorious as their eventual friendship. Travelling requires of its yoke-fellows nearly as much common forbearance as marriage; but whether Walpole were the principal offender or not, he subsequently took on himself the whole blame of their brief divorce. His letters to West at this period, though devoid of the ease of his later epistolary style, lead us to regret that "to travel and to relate his travels had not been his occupation." He did not possess the glowing pencil of Beckford or Byron, but like these eminent writers, he had a shrewd eye for at least the surface of foreign manners, sufficient knowledge of the arts to write agreeably about them, and sufficient sense of the sublime in nature, or the ridiculous in society, to keep his readers in good humor with him. We infer, however, rather than learn directly, what was the influence of novel scenes and manners upon Walpole's mind. One prominent result of his travels was to render him almost as much a Frenchman in his tastes and feelings as Gibbon afterwards became. His persiflage is French; his language, often to its great detriment, is cast in French moulds; he has frequently modernized and appropriated in his letters, stories culled from the innumerable French *ana* and jest-books, and he merited the compliment or the satire which Madame du Deffand addressed to Gibbon—"You take such pains to be a Frenchman, that you deserve to have been born one." Of Italy, its manners, and its literature, there are few traces in his writings, although we learn from them that he spoke and wrote the language with tolerable ease. But to the world at large the most important consequence of his Italian sojourn, was the formation of his intimacy with "Mr. Horace Mann," since to it we owe a correspondence of thirty years,

and perhaps the most instructive portion of his writings.

In the "Short Notes of his Life," occurs the following important entry in the year 1741:—"I landed at Dover on the 12th of September, o.s., having been chosen Member of Parliament for Kellington [Callington] in Cornwall, at the preceding general election, which Parliament put a period to my father's administration, which had continued above twenty years." The vacation was over, the serious business of his life seemed—it was in seeming only—to be now opening upon him.

The causes of the prime minister's fall concern us, on the present occasion, only as they affected the conduct and opinions of his son in after-life. We shall, therefore, briefly state by what implements and by what tactics he was at length overthrown, and then proceed to examine their bearings on Horace himself, as the liveliest, if not the most trustworthy, of commentators on the parties and social life of England for fifty years from his father's resignation, February 9th, 1742. The maxim of "divide et impera" was never more forcibly illustrated than in the case of Sir Robert Walpole. Long before that date he had become obnoxious to a considerable minority in Parliament, to a great majority of the nation, and almost universally to coffee-house politicians and to journalists and pamphleteers. He fed a hungry crowd of adherents; but even they began to waver in their allegiance, in the hope of better days. The yet more hungry multitude of expectants it was impossible to satisfy. Even a sovereign may linger too long on the stage: Rome wearied of the conservative Augustus, and England of the brave and wise Elizabeth, nor has any administration, whether Whig or Tory, increased in popularity as it has advanced in years. The phalanx which opposed Walpole was one of unusual strength and of untiring activity. The heir to the crown was his enemy, and, poor creature as he was in all respects, the name of Frederic Prince of Wales was a tower of strength to the malcontents. All the Tories and all the avowed or concealed Jacobites were his foes, and how strong were still Jacobite predilections, may be read in the history of Samuel Johnson. At many a table where "the king over the water" was silently toasted, confusion to Sir Robert was clamorously drunk. Those who waited in the ante-rooms of the presence-chamber grudged Wal-

pole's presence in the closet, and all who panted for uncertain change, detested a minister whose favorite rule was "*quieta non movere*." Fortunately for the duration of his power these hostile elements were disunited. The opposition was split into two bands, and it was long before they consented to be led up as one body to assail their common enemy.

Yet Walpole was not invincible, and more than once or twice had already yielded to pressure. He had shown that if he loved his country well he loved power still better. Though he disapproved of the harsh and unjust laws against dissenters, though he listened to their statements of grievance and even promised redress, he allowed others to propose remedial measures, and then voted against them. He had displayed infirmity of purpose in the matter of Wood's patent, of the Porteous Bill, of the Excise Bill. He had suffered himself, against the strongest convictions and the loudest professions, to be forced into a war with Spain. He was composed, to borrow a modern phrase often since illustrated by pregnant examples, "of squeezable materials." At last the opposition prevailed. "It is not by Hector's hand alone, I fall," said the dying Patroclus, "but by that of Euphorbus among men, and that of Phœbus among gods." Walpole might have said with equal truth that his fall was the work of no single or common opposition. The discontented Whigs singly could not have overthrown him; the Tories could not have singly made or held the breach; the voice of the nation was the voice of a trumpet giving an uncertain sound, and alone it would not have tumbled down the walls and battlements of his administration. The Bill for the repeal of the Septennial Act was a stumbling-block to the Whigs; the motion for an increase of income to the Prince of Wales was an offence to the Tories. Whigs and Tories had been for once unanimous in their demand for war, and Walpole had conceded war against Spain. But the prime minister still sat secure and smiling:—

"Duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso  
Ducit opes animumque ferro."

But these discords were at length fused by the furnace of a common hatred of Walpole into a momentary union. Besides the Whig and Tory factions, there stood in that day a

young England ("the boys," as Sir Robert called them), though it did not inscribe the name on its frontlets and phylacteries. The scribes in the pay of the Treasury were, as compared with the writers on the side of the Opposition, what the Genoese archers at Cressy had been as compared with the English bowmen. Their bow-strings were slack, their arrows fell short of the mark; while the cloth-yard shafts of their opponents struck like iron sleet on the faces of the Cabinet, or rather on the devoted front of its leader. For his solitary position Walpole had himself in great measure to thank. Cæsar, with a blind confidence in destiny, dismissed his body-guard. Walpole, careless of money, was covetous of power, and would sooner front a powerful opposition than brook divided allegiance among his followers. To his opponents he had been uniformly merciful, although he held in his hands their correspondence with the Pretender. But he had not been equally lenient to the members of his government, and had cashiered them in batches whenever they would not submit to his will. He had thus been for years feeding the opposition ranks, so that when the Whigs, the Tories, and the ablest speakers and writers of the age at length combined against him, they found him nearly as solitary in the breach as that centurion of Cæsar's who drew from his single buckler the heads of more than two hundred Pompeian javelins. No arts were too mean, no reports too monstrous, no hopes were too extravagant to be employed against the now tottering minister. He was Wolsey and Sejanus. He was the enchanter who had spoiled the monarchy of its comeliness. His fall would inaugurate a golden era. His punishment would be more salutary for the nation than that of Strafford. With him it was war to the knife: for his colleagues, if only they would consent to abandon him, there were held out hopes of pardon for past offences, and the more attractive lure of favors to come. "Down with Walpole!" was the universal chorus in Parliament and out of Parliament. From Norfolk House, from the cider counties, from those who fattened on army contracts, from those who drank port in the common-rooms of Oxford, from the sheep-farmers of the Cotswold Hills, from two-thirds of the parochial clergy, from two-thirds of the landed gentry, even from many of the turnip-growers of Norfolk was heard the cry,

—"Curramus præcipites et  
Dum jacet in ripa calcemus Cæsaris hostem."

Cæsar regretted, and the nation had little cause to rejoice, in the retirement of Walpole; nor beyond the moment of triumph had his immediate adversaries much to plume themselves upon. The threatened impeachment, after hanging over him for some months, came to nothing. The fancied Sejanus had been either innocent of any great offence, or wary in leaving tracks of his guilt. The Opposition could neither agree upon the articles of attainder nor upon any thing else. The resignation of their common enemy let loose again the winds of faction, and Eurus and Notus, after their brief imprisonment, blew more vehemently than ever. Walpole had confronted his foes manfully, and, as was his wont, cheerfully. When at last overborne he retired with dignity, and amid his pictures and a few faithful friends at Houghton, pitied rather than envied the Pelhams and Carterets, nor ever, as it seems, cast a longing look upon Downing Street. But the enmities which the father declined to foster, were carefully cherished by the son. "All his father's foes," Mr. Cunningham remarks, "were his foes. He may have had a temporary liking for a few who disliked his father, but the old hatred returned, and may be read unmistakably in his *Memoires* and *Letters*." His hatreds; it might have been added, rendered his "*Memoires*" unsafe guides to the historian, who is not prepared to love or hate as Walpole prescribes. On the love of the reader he indeed makes but slight demands: seldom has the "*nil admirari*" maxim been so sedulously observed; rarely has Oxenstiern's no less famous remark on the little wisdom which governs the world, been so generally seconded as in these fancy portraits of the statesmen of the eighteenth century. Nor are statesmen alone assailed by this epistolary Lucilius. His own family is not spared; churchmen are not revered; seceders from the establishment fare no better than its ministers. If the elder Pitt was more fit to rant at Bartholomew Fair than to address a deliberative assembly, if of the Townshends one was a backbiter, the other a jack-pudding, so also was Washington a Captain Bobadil, Whitfield an impostor, and at times a swindler, and the primate of all England, Secker, an atheist. The *virus* of the Walpolian pen is more apparent, because it is more concentrated, in his formal historical

works than in his familiar letters. Yet the readers of the latter had a fair excuse for believing at one time that the sententious railer, Junius, was no other than Walpole himself.

"Well, here I am to enjoy it!" was the philosophic observation of Lord Orford, while exhibiting Houghton to a friend. Of all persons affected by his fall, he was perhaps the least so. The hours sometimes passed heavily, for years of labor and hard living had told on his constitution, and as he had never taken delight in books, and had no intention of being his own chronicler, the consolations of Cicero and Clarendon in exile were denied him. Yet his pictures were a constant source of delight, and his spirits rose with fine weather. The proceedings of the "Secret Committee to inquire into the conduct of the Earl of Orford," drew him occasionally from his retirement; but with each visit to London his popularity increased; his levees were crowded—he was well received at court—he was respectfully followed at Ranelagh—he greeted, and was greeted cheerfully by, his supplanters—even the London mob, which in April 1742 had borne him in effigy to Tower Hill, soon permitted his coach to pass unnoticed.

At this period we obtain from Horace Walpole's letters, glimpses of life at Houghton. Norfolk did not find favor in his eyes. His father's estate lay in one of the least desirable parts of the county. It bore turnips well, but "you might gallop over it without meeting a tree." Woolterton, the seat of his uncle "Old Horace," pleased him better: "it was all wood and water." Could he indeed now revisit the glimpses of the moon, Walpole might still applaud the turnips, but would not complain of the want of trees in Norfolk. The appetites of his father's guests astounded him; their conversation wearied him. He describes a dinner at Houghton, as Farquhar describes the plenty at Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's mansion in Wiltshire—

"I here every day see," he writes to Mr. Chute, "men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant-rock at Pratolino. I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do, if yonder alderman at the lower end of the table was to stick his fork into his neigh-

bor's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat." . . . "They say there is no English word for *ennui*. I think you may translate it most literally by what is called 'entertaining people,' and 'doing the honors;' that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don't know, and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish questions, which all begin with, 'I think you live a good deal in the country,' or, 'I think you don't love this thing or that.' Oh! 'tis dreadful."

So Walpole wrote nearly a generation before Cowper glanced at similar inconveniences in his poem of "Conversation." The hours at Houghton did not, however, all pass so tediously. A high authority (Lord John Russell) has said that Horace Walpole never possessed his father's confidence. While in office the self-confident statesman may not have consulted a youth from Cambridge, or considered that the mere circumstance of being member for Callington was sufficient to render a young man of four-and-twenty a Burleigh or a Somers. But that in his happier hours of retirement, Lord Orford imparted much past history to his son seems to us beyond a doubt.

Meanwhile the family circle at Houghton was not without its feuds. In that, as in other palaces, the "*solita inter fratres odia*" prevailed. Edward, the second son of Sir Robert, was jealous of the notice which Horace attracted: and so far did he carry this unamiable temper that Horace, who in his heart loved peace, though his tongue or his pen sometimes kindled war, was fain to entreat his father never to take notice of him in his brother's presence. He did Edward indeed the justice, both then and long afterwards when the brothers were not on speaking terms, to admit that he of all the children loved Sir Robert best; and if a letter, assuredly not meant for the public eye, may be trusted, held out to him, in the very hottest of their disputes, the right hand of brotherhood. He also confesses to Mason that in 1741 Edward and not himself was the father's favorite. These glimpses at a better nature in Horace would be of little importance were he not so generally represented as devoid of feeling, and given up to malice and mocking.

The retirement of Lord Orford changed the current of his son's fortunes. It can hardly be doubted that he discerned in Horace the talents which make a parliamentary



"success," and able administrators; and that on his younger son alone could he reckon for the perpetuation of his official name. But to such hopes the time was adverse. The Whigs were a party divided against itself. The opposition numbered in its ranks some able and many turbulent members. If the father, a robust, fearless, and imperturbably good-humored man, had with difficulty ruled the Commons, and had finally been carried away by the strength of the tide, what likelihood was there of the son, possessing neither the vigor nor the temper of his father, being able to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. It was not the case of a Rehoboam succeeding a Solomon: since Rehoboam's menace to exchange rods for scorpions implies some strength of will, at least in purpose. It was rather a case resembling that of the son of the elder and greater Africanus, who, conscious of his inferiority in the arts of government, suffered strangers to enter upon his inheritance, and contemplated in retirement the clouds and currents of political parties. Disgust also at the faithlessness and ingratitude of many whom Sir Robert had raised to honor had its weight in determining Horace to abjure politics openly. It was not a noble, scarcely an honest resolve, since, without the burden of responsibility, he intermeddled for half a century to come in affairs of state, writing much in the newspapers, fanning, as we gather from his own "Letters," many a back-stairs intrigue, and speaking or writing evil of nearly every one not absolutely obscure or quite the *alter ego* of himself.

Yet, while we are of opinion that Horace should either have kept aloof from the political arena altogether or entered it as an athlete ready to strike and to be stricken, we must allow him the praise of sagacity, or even humanity, beyond that of most of his contemporaries. At the time when Lord Chatham, malignant to Lord North's cabinet in all other aspects, was with his last breath asserting the unlimited sovereignty of Great Britain over her colonies, Walpole was writing of the just and inevitable independence of America. He saw that the intervention of France in the American contest, in 1779, would recoil on herself: that the giving Irish Romanists the right to vote at elections must lead to the emancipation of Irish Romanism: that Parliamentary Reform must totally alter the character of the House of Commons:

that the fashion of public meetings would materially affect the operations of government: that Lord Chatham was rather a brilliant meteor than a "genuine luminary:" and that newspapers were rapidly becoming a check and counterpoise on cabinets, if not on Parliament itself. To his honor he expressed his indignation against negro-slavery before the names of Clarkson and Wilberforce were heard of; and equally to his honor he deplored that France, in her impatience of long-standing abuses, undermined the pillars of law and religion.

Of his parliamentary career it is scarcely necessary to speak. Nature had not fitted him for oratory; but he probably would have proved an excellent debater, and by his shrewdness and caustic wit have been a useful member of the Whig light infantry. The few speeches of his which have been preserved were much admired at the time, even by many who disliked equally his name, his politics, and himself; and they warrant us in applying to his parliamentary eloquence Cicero's description of that of C. Julius: "*Orator fuit minime ille quidem vehemens, sed nemo urbanitate, nemo suavitate conditor: sunt ejus aliquot orationes ex quibus lenitas ejus sine nervis perspicui potest.*" He sat in Parliament, from 1741 to 1765, long enough, had inclination seconded his talents and opportunities, to have inscribed his name beneath that of his father, and above that of many inferior to himself in every respect, except in the gifts of energy and earnest purpose.

But whether it were by happy instinct or happy accident, the force of Walpole's intellect was thrown into his Correspondence. "*Hic currus et arma.*" In his Letters is contained the patent of his perpetual fame. Whatsoever relates to them is curious; and we shall employ the space that remains to us with a brief account of their history and contents.

First, then, as regards the *number* of these letters, we believe it to be unprecedented and unsurpassed. Of Cicero, who, like Walpole, was a kind of gazetteer to his friends, eight hundred and twenty-six letters in all have been preserved; but many of these are merely notes of a few lines each; some are official dispatches; and some are copies of letters addressed to Cicero. Of the younger Pliny, who did not confine his correspondence



to politics but wrote on various themes of horticulture, literature, and private business, two hundred and forty-seven letters have come down to us, exclusive of a collection of reports to Trajan upon his province of Bithynia. The other capital letter-writers of Rome—for the genuine letters of the Greeks would not occupy an octavo volume—even including the epistles of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, might be contained in one of these volumes, and the correspondence of the Christian fathers is swelled by pastoral charges and controversial pamphlets. Petrarch's and Politian's epistles might be comprised in a single volume, and some of these are dissertations rather than letters proper. The letters of Erasmus would demand little more space. Reuchlin, Ulric von Hutten, and Muretus combined, did not write as much in this kind as Erasmus; three or four octavos suffice for the letters of Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu respectively; and Pope, Swift, and the elder Sheridan together, did not produce as many epistles as Walpole indited to Conway alone. Gray and Gibbon are even more sparing of paper; and Cowper, to whom his correspondence stood in the place of conversation, did not, during his thirty-five years of seclusion, sign and seal a fourth part of the number of letters published by Walpole himself or his successive editors. He rightly termed correspondence the business of his life, and few workmen have been more diligent in their vocation.

The arrival and departure of the post were indeed little less important events in a Walpolian day than they are in the bureau of a Secretary of State. For fifty years not a week elapsed, rarely more than three or four days, without his dispatching a letter. In the brief intervals between his letters he meditated on anecdotes, scandal, or news for the next batch. He made brief memoranda if not rough drafts. He wrote with the greatest ease with company in the room and even talking to people at the time. It cannot be said that his activity in writing was stimulated by his correspondents generally. "West and Gray excepted, they were," says Mr. Cunningham, "dull masters in the art of letter-writing." Montagu he himself calls an abominable correspondent, who only wrote to beg letters. Cole was a mere Dryasdust; his learning was useful, his manner must have been insufferably tedious to his friend. Bent-

ley's letters were destroyed by Walpole, probably because of their "poverty in manner and in matter." Mason was an exception to the rule that good poets usually write good prose: his epistolary style is stiff, "*sermoni propior*," "properer for a sermon" as Charles Lamb interprets Horace's Latin. Madame du Defand did not hold the pen of Madame de Sévigné, nor Lady Ossory that of Lady Mary Montagu—Lord Hertford and his brother wrote like men whose talk was of bullocks—Sir Horace Mann's letters are "absolutely unreadable." Walpole, when he compared his own productions with those of his friends, may fairly have divined his own immortality in the branch of literature to which he devoted himself.

The various letters republished, augmented and arranged in the edition before us, amount to the astonishing number of two thousand six hundred and sixty-five, and it is probable that this sum does not express the total produce of Walpole's pen. His friends were mostly, but not universally, careful in preserving them. West and Gray, as he observed to Mason, were good-natured enough to destroy his letters. Of his correspondence with Madame du Defand, a few fragments only have been recovered. Those which he addressed to Mrs. Damer were, with the rest of her papers, burnt by her own desire; and those to Mrs. Clive, though returned to him by her brother at her death, are not now known to exist. Mr. Cunningham infers that from his near neighborhood to the lady they were "of little moment." But this conclusion is not consistent with another passage in the preface to his ninth volume, in which he says that Lady Ossory observed that when they were near neighbors in town, if Walpole had any thing to say that he thought might be worked into an agreeable letter, Walpole would omit to pay her his customary visit. May he not, under similar temptations, have forborne his morning call or his evening loo at Kitty Clive's?

The general excellence of Walpole's letters, if we take it into account how rare and how difficult a thing it is to do with spirit what we do daily, to control ungenial moods, to command the befitting temper, to hit the proper vein, to resist indolence and carelessness, to avoid writing for writing's sake, is not less remarkable than their number. No man ever wrote so much and inflicted so little tedious-

ness. We are not prepared to deny that his letters betray "malice, evil speaking, and uncharitableness;" that the mood of to-day is not always the mood of to-morrow; that he often prefers a jest to a friend; that his literary judgments have been often set aside; or that he expended on comparative trifles the leisure and the abilities that were entrusted to him for higher ends. But while we admit more than perhaps Mr. Cunningham will thank us for admitting against Walpole, we claim for him—and in his department of literature this is a transcendent merit—that he is never dull.

It is not easy to define wherein consists the especial charm of his letters, so generally are the elements of attraction diffused over their surface or inwoven in their texture. He is rather susceptible of wit in others than witty himself; he is rather a recipient of humor than actually humorous. His sayings are not the saying of Selwyn, Jekyll, or Sheridan. He is an admirable reporter of things to be remembered; he rarely writes what is really memorable for its own weight or point. His style, again, is far from faultless; its gallicisms are beyond the gallicisms of Hume and Gibbon: he often employs phrases which distress equally the French Academy and John Bull. Gray accused Walpole of interlarding with parliamentary idioms his "Royal and Noble Authors;" the attentive reader of his letters may with equal justice accuse him of distorting or diluting the king's English. Yet while we concede that in all Walpole's literary productions there is partial evil, we maintain that there is a universal spirit of buoyancy and elegance, of good sense and shrewd insight which, in combination, render his *Letters* the most instructive and agreeable manual of the history of the eighteenth century.

It is by no means easy to classify Horace Walpole's letters under distinct heads as grave or gay—as relating to the business or to the trifles of an hour, to politics, learning, art, or scandal, to matters proper to the Walpoles or common to mankind. It would be still less easy within our limits to give any characteristic samples of them, which would not, in fact, amount to a "Walpoliana." The threads of his several works are so interwoven with one another that it is impossible to separate them without injury to the entire woof. He sometimes moralizes in Seneca's vein, sometimes rivals Anthony Wood or Elias

Ashmole in the triviality of what he records; and at others he doubts, balances, and egotizes after the manner of Montaigne. The letters to General Conway, his near relation, and, among his own sex, his dearest friend, are the most easy and natural, yet perhaps the least generally amusing of the whole. Conway was no whetstone for wit, and had small sympathy with Walpole's pursuits. His correspondent, accordingly is, when writing to him, comparatively frugal of anecdotes and gossip, and reticent about his antiques and improvements at Strawberry Hill. With Lady Hervey, Lady Suffolk, and Lord Strafford, he is uniformly on his best behavior. The *very fine gentleman* impairs the ease of the writer. As far as regards politics, the letters to Lord Hertford, as far as they go, are among the most valuable. Nor are they deficient in ease nor in a certain warmth of attachment, though both are tempered by deference to the personal and political rank of the ambassador and viceroy. To Gray, Mason, and Pinkerton he writes on literature, to Cole and Zouch on antiquities, with Hannah More he is always in a moralizing, sometimes almost in a pious, vein. Through his correspondence with the Miss Berrys there runs a vein of something like paternal affection mingled with touches of sentimental emotion. To Montagu he relates with inexhaustible liveliness and wit the news of the day and the gossip of the town, in a tone of freedom and even levity derived from their boyish days at Eton. The letters to Sir Horace Mann are in a somewhat different strain from those which he addressed to other correspondents, and the difference may be ascribed to their brief intimacy at Florence, to their life-long separation after the autumn of 1741, and to the circumstance that he stood to Mann, expatriated at Florence, in the relation of an historiographer, proper and personal. Distance of space, although, as we have already seen in the case of Lady Ossory, not indispensable to Walpole, is generally an essential condition of a correspondence which shall instruct or amuse. It is not usual, nor, indeed, easy to write to a friend in the next street, or in a neighboring town or village. Distance of time, on the other hand, between the opening and the closing of a correspondence, is much less advantageous to the writer or the reader of letters. At first, and for many years to come, Sir Horace Mann took a lively interest in England and the English.

A jest which sparkled freshly in London early in the month had not lost all its effervescence when it reached Florence at the end of it. Mann had left behind him many friends, and he was pleased to hear, at brief periods, of their welfare: was pleased still to smile at their follies, and perhaps enjoyed his own repose on the banks of the Arno all the more from contrasting it with the feuds and factions which prevailed on the banks of the Thames. But Mann remained voluntarily abroad for a much longer period than many persons are enforced to dwell in Siberia or New South Wales. The fathers whom he had known died off: the beauties whom he had admired became matrons and grandmothers: a generation which knew him not was bustling or idling in parliament and the clubs; and while his curiosity, on the one hand became feebler, Walpole's zeal in recording events, though he was the most unwearied of reporters, grew, on the other hand, less active, and their correspondence was nearly dying of age. Walpole was well aware that his letters to Mann in 1786, could not be what his letters had been in 1743, and he thus, at different seasons, admits and deplores the senescence of his pen.

"As by your desire I write more frequently than formerly, you must be content with shorter letters; for distance and absence deprive us of the little incidents of common correspondence. I am forced to write to you of such events only as one would write to posterity. One cannot say, 'I dined with such a person yesterday,' when the letter is to be a fortnight on the road; still less when you know nothing of my Lord or Mr. Such-an-one whom I should mention.

"My friendship for you makes me persist in our correspondence; but I wait for events, that I may send you something. . . . My society is grown very narrow, and it is natural at sixty-three not to concern myself in the private history of those that might be my grandchildren.

"Adieu! my dear sir. Shall not we be very venerable in the annals of friendship? What Orestes and Pylades ever wrote to each other for four-and-forty years without once meeting?"

From his letters alone we might have formed no very inadequate notion of Horace Walpole. Our speculations would have been aided by the pictures of fine gentlemen by Hogarth, by a few passages from Young's satires, from a few scenes in once fashionable

comedies, and by what fiction and history alike tell of the courts, coteries, and clubs of the Georgian era. Our sketch, however, would have resembled in one respect Zeuxis' famous picture of Helen. The fairest of Achaian dames was in her portrait composed of the several charms of the most beautiful of Grecian matrons and maidens: the familiar gazetteer of the eighteenth century would have been portrayed from a *cento* of his own sketches and confessions. Fortunately we are spared the trouble and the errors of such a fancy portrait by the information supplied by one who had seen and known the original. And this sketch from the life is the more valuable since it comes from a lady's hand, and is accordingly, marked by all the nice observation of her sex. Miss Hawkins, luckily for her own generation and the present, published the reminiscences of her early abode at Twickenham, and has thus delineated the lord of Strawberry Hill as he looked and lived about the year 1772—

"His figure was not merely tall, but more properly long and slender to excess: his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively: his voice was not strong, but his tones were extremely pleasant, and, if I may so say, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait; he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy, which fashion had then made almost natural: *chapeaux bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under arm; knees bent, and feet on tiptoe as if afraid of a wet floor. His dress in visiting was most usually, in summer, when I most saw him, a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver or of white silk worked in the tambour, partridge silk stockings and gold buckles, ruffles and frills generally lace. I remember, when a child, thinking him very much under-dressed, if at any time, except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambric. In summer no powder, but his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth, pale forehead, queued behind; in winter, powder."

Had this been all we knew of Horace Walpole, he would have ranked with the tribe of "maccaroni," and might have been presumed one of the originals who sat for Sheridan's "Sir Benjamin Backbite." But he was not properly effeminate; and, indeed, except in the peculiarities of his gait and dress, approached much nearer than most of his contemporaries

in the upper classes of society to the simpler manners of the present day. He avoided the long and elaborate dinners of London, as he disliked the Norfolk beef-eaters at Houghton. His out-door habits were even hardy. Cole records his antipathy to a greatcoat; and in his grounds at Strawberry Hill he dispensed with a hat even in winter. His frequent attacks of gout afforded him a decent pretext for abstinence from hot and rebellious liquors, from the seas of claret which then circulated after dinner, and the reeking punch-bowl which came after the broiled bones at supper. The wine he drank was during dinner, but he diluted it, after the manner of the ancients and of the very moderns, with iced water. His dinner-hour was generally at four o'clock; which, however, was already become antiquated in 1789, and liable to invasion from morning callers. His diet was light, and savored of the chronic invalid; and his morning meal was shared with a favorite dog and squirrel. Pattipan and Tonton, indeed, are immortal in his letters; and although Walter Scott was attended by a nobler pack than these curled darlings of the canine species, yet fondness for his dumb friends is one of the pleasing traits in Walpole's character. On the grave question of early rising and late vigils he was of Lamb's opinion, who held the one an impertinence, the other a privilege. "My general hours of composition," he says, "are from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning when I am sure not to be disturbed by visitors." Yet by thus reversing nature's order, he perhaps increased, in spite of his abstinence, his constitutional tendency to gout. For more than half his life he was enfeebled by that disease, an heirloom, probably, of the less temperate habits of his progenitors. It affected his hands as well as his feet; and "latterly his fingers were swelled and deformed, having, as he would say, more chalk-stones than joints in them," and adding, with a smile, "that he must set up an inn, for he could chalk a score with more ease and rapidity than any man in England."

Time doubtless softened much of the asperity in Walpole's disposition; for that there was in him a root of bitterness, neither his writings permit us to doubt, nor the fact recorded of his laugh, that "it was forced and uncouth"—how unlike the hearty chuckle of Sir Robert!—and of his smile, that "it was

not the most pleasing." Political aversions however—and the majority of Walpole's aversions grew from that seed—droop and dwindle under lengthened days. He might despise Lord North, but he could not hate him as he had hated the Duke of Newcastle: he might recoil from the Grenvilles, but not as he had once recoiled from Cateret and Lord Bath. His father's enemies, after life's fitful fever, slept secure from his envy and opposition; they had bequeathed their traditional feuds and jealousies to the Whig and Tory statesmen of another generation; but to men who were sitting in the sixth forms of Eton or Westminster, when Walpole was speaking in the House of Commons in defence of Sir Robert, he could not cherish the animosity which filled his breast towards the Pelhams: "Non eadem est ætas, non mens." The Nestor of the Whigs occasionally hurled his javelin at the younger Pitt and Fox, but with an arm no longer nerved by personal as well as party hostility. Were it through the feebleness or wisdom of years, the infirmities of his temper were softened by time, and the friends who cherished his narrative old age had seldom reason to complain of coldness or caprice. We have described Walpole as one neither worthy of much respect, nor capable of awakening or returning warm affection. Yet owing to him, in common with all who have been instructed and amused by his Letters, no slight debt of gratitude, we will close our imperfect sketch of his character in the words of a friend who to unusual opportunities for observation added a large understanding, much experience of life, and the pure and cordial feelings of refined womanhood.

In reply to the accumulated charges of "affectation," "insincerity," "caprice," and even "treachery," which had been brought against him, Miss Mary Berry rejoins in her "Advertisement" to the letters addressed by Walpole to her sister and herself:—

"He affected nothing; he played no part; he was what he appeared to be. Aware that he was ill qualified for politics, for public life, for parliamentary business, or, indeed, for business of any sort, the whole tenor of his life was consistent with this opinion of himself. Had he attempted to effect what belongs only to characters of another stamp; had he endeavored to take a lead in the House of Commons; had he sought for place, dignity, or office; had he aimed at intrigue, or attempted to be a tool for others, then, indeed, he might



have deserved the appellation of artificial, eccentric, and capricious.

"Lord Orford is believed by his critic to have 'sneered' at everybody. Sneering was not his way of showing dislike. He had very strong prejudices, sometimes adopted on very insufficient grounds, and he therefore often made great mistakes in the appreciation of character; but when influenced by such impressions, he always expressed his opinions directly, and often too violently.

"The affections of his heart were bestowed on few; for in early life they had never been cultivated, but they were singularly warm, pure, and constant; characterized not by the ardor of passion, but by the constant pre-occupation of real affection. . . The dread which he is supposed to have had, lest he should lose caste as a gentleman, by ranking as a wit and an author, he was much too *fine a gentleman* to have believed in the possibility of feeling. He knew he had never studied since he left college; he knew that he was not at all a learned man; but the reputation that he had acquired by his wit and by his writings

not only among fine gentlemen, but with society in general, made him nothing loath to cultivate every opportunity of increasing it."

If we have taken, on the whole, a more favorable view of the best and most voluminous of English letter-writers than has since the publication of most of them been in fashion, we are content to err with Mary Berry and Sir Walter Scott. We have endeavored to judge him by the light which his circumstances afford, and not by the measure of a better age. His reputation may stand higher or lower than it has yet stood; but his name is as certain to endure in its peculiar niche of literature, as that of any of the men who played an evil or a good part in the Georgian era; nor is it probable that any further documentary evidence will materially alter the estimation which, apart from party feelings, the public has already pronounced on Horace Walpole.

**CHEAP PAPER.**—Dr. Collyer whose reputation amongst paper-makers is assured from his successful application of beetroot refuse in their manufacture, has recently alighted upon an important discovery, whereby full fifty per cent will be saved in the manufacture of paper, made either from wheat or oat straw, flax-waste, or other similar refuse material.

The insuperable difficulty which has attended the use of raw fibrous substances, lies in the existence of the siliceous cortex which envelopes the fibre; to get rid of this *silex* has been the object long desired and sought after; for this desideratum being accomplished, the remaining fibre of common straw is equal, for the paper maker's purposes, to the best linen rags; in fact it honestly produces a stronger paper. Separation of siliceous matter may be effected as our readers are aware, by the use of strong alkaline solutions, as accompanied with great heat, but this process involves a certain waste of concentrated caustic alkali, which is a costly material.

Dr. Collyer has, however, happily discovered a simple and inexpensive method, which entirely removes the *silex*, after the use of a weak alkaline solution and a process of boiling under a moderate pressure.

The straw or flax refuse before being boiled is submitted to the action of a machine, especially

invented for the purpose by this gentleman. This machine opens out the fibre, disintegrates the siliceous cortex, and prepares it for the production of pulp, from which can be made the best class writing and printing papers, at one-half the present cost.

The whole expense of preparing one ton of straw pulp, bleached fit for conversion into the finest writing, printing, or book paper, will not by this process exceed £12 per ton, or 11-4d. per pound; to which add the Excise-duty of 11-2d. per pound, and we obtain the whole cost of making the substance into a paper, which is now practically worth 7d. per pound, equal to that used by the leading journals.—*Spectator*.

Faubert, a young man of color from Hayti, obtained the highest prize—the prize of honor—at the concours of all the colleges in France, held at Paris. On the reception of this news, the Emperor immediately sent him one hundred and fifty handsomely bound volumes. A company of National Guards were dispatched to wait upon him with a band of music, and he was invited to dine, and did dine, with the Minister of Public Instruction, occupying a place between his lady and Prince Napoleon. Besides this young man two other young Havtians also took prizes.



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## CHRISNA, THE QUEEN OF THE DANUBE.

### PART ONE.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE TCHIMBER.

RECLINING like a marine goddess beside the Adriatic, with her feet resting on the peninsula of Zara, Dalmatia leans carelessly on the lower slope of the Albanian mountains. Like all shore-nymphs, she has beneath her arm an urn; this urn is the Gulf of Cattaro, which between steep banks unwinds in capacious folds, and, through several mouths at once, presents its tribute to the sea.

At the extremity of the gulf, the city which bears the same name, after having for a long time appertained to the Russians, then to the French, is at present under the protection of an Austrian garrison.

By the forts of the Trinity and St. John, behind the gulf, Austria still commands the cantons of Scagliari and of Spigliari; but there her power ends. The Turks oppose to her on this side a long line of frontiers.

Meanwhile, between the Turks and the Austrians, rise lofty mountains with triple terraces, on the inferior declivities of which, scattered villages, suspended, like the eyries of vultures over abysses, are inhabited by the Montenegrins, a half savage, half Christianized nation, which, after having by turns shaken off the yoke of the Venetians and that of the Turks, has lately entrusted its liberties into the hands of its bishop.

As we traverse the approaches to Montenegro, at sight of this bare and rugged soil, of this land which seems to have been thrown up by volcanoes, we comprehend the miracles which heroism might here accomplish in favor of independence. Here, everywhere, the upheaved, fissured, barren ground, presents to the foot of the traveller only escarpments and precipices. Not a practicable path can be traced! Woe to him who ventures hither without a guide! his strength and courage would be exhausted before he could reach even the first plateau.

God has made of Montenegro a fortress in-

accessible to conquerors and even to the curious. To be just, we must add that he has also made of it neutral ground, an inviolable asylum, open to the proscribed of every nation. The Montenegrins are too hospitable to inquire into the morals of those whom they shelter. Besides, they are not admitted into the bosom of the people, but only without the circle occupied by them.

Before reaching the second terrace of the mountain around Vermoz, among the various branches of the loftier mountains, wind valleys which encircle with a veil of verdure the rugged sides of the dark giant.

Those who possess limbs with muscles of steel, and who, thanks to their acquaintance with the country, can guide their way among the rolling stones, find there, as shelters, spacious caverns and grottos hung with moss: the water of springs is not wanting; fruit from the trees, the honey of bees present themselves to their hands on every side, and if they are hunters they can exercise their skill as well on the chamois and the bear as on the partridge and the bustard.

In one of these humid and warm valleys, one morning in the month of September of the year 1823, in the midst of a profound silence, interrupted only by the humming of insects and the singing of birds, a loud detonation suddenly resounded; a heath-cock, venturing into the air, whirled around and fell, scattering its feathers, in the midst of a little glade traversed by a stream.

A single shot had been heard, and yet, two men, with the appearance of hunters, holding in their hands guns with reversed hammers, advanced on opposite sides of the clearing, to pick up this prey which each seemed to regard as his own.

On account of the undulating nature of the ground, and some masses of furze, ferns, and alaterns lying between them, it was only when, arrived on the banks of the stream, both were

by a simultaneous movement, preparing to lay hands on the game, that they perceived each other.

Recoiling then a step, in surprise, they drew themselves up and examined their guns, as if to signify that they were prepared to stand on the defensive. These guns were double-barrelled, and according to the custom in this country, when, while aiming at a hazel-hen, one might encounter a bear or wild boar, they had been loaded on one side with shot and on the other with ball, thus preparing for large as well as small game.

After having looked at each other a few moments with a sort of uneasy curiosity, memory suddenly returning, one said:—

"Ah! ah! it is you, pandour?"

"It is you, brigand!" returned the other.

At this moment, the self-styled gendarme or pandour was clad in a cloth frock and wore a beaver cap with a long visor, a bag of skin served as a game-pouch: his chaplet, blessed by the Pope (for he was a Roman Catholic), and which hung from his neck, would have given him, as far as dress was concerned, an entirely pacific appearance, had not his iron-gray pantaloons and his laced boots betrayed one of the uniforms of Austria.

He was a man of medium stature, but vigorously built, though his paleness and a certain air of suffering which overspread his countenance, testified to the remains of a malady either of body or mind. He was scarcely twenty-five; his brown locks, and bronzed complexion, contrasted with the brilliant whiteness of his teeth; the premature and deep wrinkle, which, at this moment traversed his prominent forehead, his projecting muscles, the squareness of his shoulders, seemed to reveal in him a rude and violent nature.

Meanwhile, let the wrinkle on his brow be effaced, the muscular contraction of his countenance relax, and a smile of ineffable sweetness sometimes expanded this lion-like face.

Then, a disciple of Lavater would have perhaps discovered in him only the signs indicative of tender and feeble souls; a tendency to submission, to simple confidence, to credulity; but, if he had surprised him in one of those rapid crises when the lion's mane bristles, he would have been able to recognize in these same features only the bold type of those energetic and tenacious natures, which

nothing can discourage when they have once marked out their aim.

The other hunter, of majestic bearing and even of somewhat theatrical mien, was approaching the full maturity of life; he might have been between forty and forty-five; his face, highly colored, expressed warlike boldness as well as the violence of sensual appetite; his limbs, supple, nervous, and strongly knit together, were those of an athlete, and his glance, at once imperious and guarded, testified to the habit and necessity of command.

Coiffed with a broad-brimmed hat, surmounted with a tuft of pheasant's plumes, he wore a jacket without sleeves, garnished with large silver buttons, round and wrought; his floating basque revealed a shirt embroidered with red wool at the bosom and the wrists. Besides his hunting paraphernalia, the rest of his costume consisted of a leather girdle encircling full pantaloons scarcely descending to the calf, where they were confined by the high bandelettes of his *espadrilles*.

"No, I am not mistaken," resumed the latter after another moment of silence and of examination, "it was indeed you whom I saw near Carlstadt in Croatia, when you belonged to one of those packs of infuriated dogs in pursuit of me! What are you doing in these valleys? Have you then been banished by your master, the Austrian blood-hound?"

"And you," replied the soldier, "have you been driven away by your subjects, king of the Danube! Have you then nothing better to do but to shoot swallows among these mountains? Have you been fleeing ever since the day of Nissava-Gora?"

"Not before you, at least," said the man with the *espadrilles*, assuming a dignified posture, without ceasing to keep his eye on the watch and his finger on the trigger.

"Not before me, you say? Perhaps not to-day! But it seems to me I did formerly see, near Gommo, one evening by the light of burning powder, the broad shoulders of a certain Pierre Zény, called the king of the Danube! As well as I can remember, his majesty's horse was bleeding in the flank; he himself wounded in the action, had dropped his sabre in the midst of the *melée*; I was alert and armed, I had but to let go my bridle, to raise my arm, to strike, and yet Pierre Zény escaped me. Still more, if I stooped

towards him, with uplifted sabre, it was only to warn him that the defile of Sluin was occupied by our men, and that his flight must be in another direction. You see that the Austrian blood-hounds are not always as furious for their prey as you may have thought."

"In fact, I do remember that circumstance," said Zény, softening the tones of his voice; "if it was indeed really you, comrade, who rendered me that service, I am sorry I called you a dog. But what motive could induce you to act thus in my behalf?"

"Imagine what you please, Zény; I do not ask your gratitude."

"Your name?"

"Jean, son of Jean," replied the soldier.

"Your country?"

"A valley in Licavia."

"You then remembered that you were a Croat, and I a Slavonian; both of the same race; both descended from that great family of slaves, dispossessed by the Magyars, the Venetians, and the Saxons?"

"Perhaps so."

"If you acted thus, with no other reason than that I have supposed, Jean, let but the opportunity occur, and I will prove to you that I have a good memory," continued Zény, who, already quitting his hostile attitude, had placed his gun on the ground, a movement instantly imitated by his opponent; "we may esteem each other though serving under different flags."

"You speak truly, Slavonian. As for me, I fight against the adversaries of Austria, because the Emperor pays me for that; and a soldier should, before every thing else, loyally do his duty; but I fight against them without hatred; my hatred I carefully keep for my enemies, and as to those, whether they be Slaves like ourselves, Zény; whether they be Magyars or Saxons, as you call the Hungarians or Germans."

"Well and good, comrade; if you know how to hate, you are a man, and I esteem you but the more for it. One other question, and we separate good friends."

"Speak."

"You have already spared my life once, and I repeat to you, I will bear it in memory; but do you regret to-day what you formerly did, that I find you again on my track, in these rough valleys of Montenegro?"

"On the faith of a soldier, Zény, I did not dream of finding you here. Now in garrison

at Cattaro, I obtained, on account of sickness, a fortnight's furlough, and have come to pass it with a relative who lives on the mountain, at Verba. Desirous of furnishing at least my part to the common table, this morning at daybreak I came out to hunt, nothing more, as this grouse which I have just shot proves."

And he pointed to the bird lying between them, on the bank of the little stream which still separated them.

Zény knit his brows and his forehead became slightly pale.

"Your proof is a bad one, Croat; I should be sorry if you could not find a better, for I killed that heath-cock myself."

"You?" said the other in a tone of smiling mockery; "your hand was then in my coat-sleeve, and your gun against my shoulder!"

"It was I who killed it, I tell you!" returned Zény, in a tone of authority; "not that I will dispute its possession with you, if you are too proud to return to Verba with an empty pouch; game is plenty here, and I have made an ample provision of it for the present and the future! Pick up the bird and say no more about it!"

"It belongs to me!" replied the soldier, in a loud voice.

"Agreed, since I give it to you!"

"Holy Virgin of Agram, my protectress, make this man listen to reason! By my mother, whom I never knew, I swear that this grouse fell beneath my shot, and I would not falsify such an oath for a bird, had it golden plumage and eyes of diamonds! Do you believe me now?"

"You are free to invoke all the Saints in Paradise! My oath is worth as much as yours, perhaps, and I swear in my turn, by all the devils in hell!"

"But a single shot was fired!"

"Yes, by me!" said the Slavonian.

"By me!" repeated the Croat; "one of us two has lied! which? My carbine is still warm!"

Zény stretched out his hand to verify the assertion of the soldier, who thought he divined, in this movement, an intention to disarm him.

"Back!" exclaimed he, putting himself again on the defensive.

"Wretch! you came here then as a spy upon me, to assassinate me!"

"Thou liest, brigand!"

"Hold, pandour!"

And the gendarme and the brigand, just now about to fraternize, taking their places, were levelling their guns at each other, when a bellowing, with which were mingled the despairing screams of a woman, resounded, not far from them, in the valley.

One of those wild bulls, a tchimber, such as are seen by herds in the vast forests of Herzegovina and of Montenegro, where years roll away without the sound of the woodman's axe, was furiously pursuing a woman, a young girl, whose red corsage and floating ribbons had attracted his eye and enkindled his rage.

It was a striking spectacle to see her thus, terrified, uttering cries of distress, bounding to the right and left, clearing ravines and hillocks, sheltering herself now behind a tree, now behind a rock, and constantly pursued, constantly outrun, resuming her flight, breathless, with perspiring brow, dishevelled tresses, haggard features, encountering everywhere upon her the bristling hair, glassy, bloody eyes, and menacing horns of the monster.

Exhausted, her strength giving way, she was now fleeing with unsteady, faltering steps, and, as if he felt himself henceforth the arbiter of her life, the tchimber, moderating his fury without ceasing to pursue her and impede her passage, seemed to be playing with her, as a cat with a mouse.

At the cries uttered by the young girl, Pierre Zény had stopped short in his offensive movement. The danger which threatened her, made him forget his own; it was now to the tchimber that he destined the only ball left in his gun; but his hand trembled, his glance hesitated, for he saw pass before him by turns a square and hairy forehead, a pale face, sharp horns, disordered tresses; in aiming at the one, he feared to hit the other; at last arming himself with courage and as if to draw from it inspiration, he exclaimed:—

"Chrisna!"

And the gun went off.

While he trembled, hesitated and was troubled, the Cattaran soldier, become again impassable, seemed to be waiting patiently, and not without some forbearance, until Zény should once more stand opposite to him to continue the contest commenced.

But at this name of Chrisna, he raised his head, his eye expanded and kindled; he was disturbed in his turn; in his turn, he forgot

his adversary, now disarmed, and on whom he could so easily have revenged himself, and his whole attention, the whole strength of his thoughts, as well as of his looks, was concentrated on that other contest, much more frightful, much more unequal, which was going on not far off, in this same valley, just now so peaceful and silent.

The ball of Pierre Zény, swerved from its aim by the emotion of the hunter, had struck the bull on the croup.

Bounding with pain, the latter ceased to mingle sport with his fury; he sprang upon the young girl, felled her to the ground, and after having made a circuit in order to give himself room, rushed at her again with his horns pointed towards the ground, seized her, and, as if to increase the sufferings of his victim, shook his enormous forehead, on which Chrisna, half dead, remained suspended, her body relaxed, her head hanging down.

Suddenly this fearful movement of the tchimber was arrested; his bellowing of rage was prolonged into a shrill and discordant rattle. The ball of the Croat had just struck him in the throat.

Swift as lightning the latter cleared the ground with tiger-like leaps, reached the monster and seized him by the horns; Zény, not less alert, ran to Chrisna's aid, raised her, bore her away, while the other, finishing alone his duel with the bull, shook him, overthrew him, and disembowelled him with his long hunting-knife.

Fortunately, the horns of the tchimber, encountering as an obstacle the strongly busked corset of Chrisna, had only slipped beneath her leathern girdle; it was thus he had been able to raise her from the ground, and balance her on his head, without even ruffling the skin of the young woman.

Meanwhile, the emotion, the fatigue, the violent compression felt by her during this desperate race and this terrible awinging had exhausted her strength; so that when Pierre Zény reached her, she had fainted.

After having deposited her on a bed of moss, giving her for a pillow a thick bunch of ferns bruised with his foot, he said to the soldier:—

"Watch over her, I will return immediately."

And with the swiftness of a stone detached from the superior declivities, he sprang from



rock to rock towards the depths of the valley to seek a spring whose cool waters might restore the young woman to life.

Left alone beside her, the Croat uttered a profound sigh and with folded arms, immovable, contemplated her for some time in a sort of wild stupor. Then, after having cast his eyes in the direction Pierre Zény had taken, he slowly turned them towards the still fainting young girl.

During the circuit thus described, the various expressions, the incredible modifications of this glance, seeming to pass gradually by a descending ladder, from the most violent to the most tender sentiments, cannot be described. The eye contains a whole gamut of passions, as well as of colors.

He was bending over Chrisna when, recovering from her torpor, the latter suddenly opened her eyes.

At sight of this man, whose face hung over her own, and who was still holding in his hand the knife which he had just plunged, blade and handle into the body of the tchimber, life, reason, terror seemed to return to her at once.

"Zagrab!" exclaimed she half rising, as with a galvanic impulse.

And, after having interrogated his features, his garments, as well as the places which surrounded her, as if to revive her memories, she added, with an expression in which joy seemed to be mingled with terror,—

"Is it indeed you, Zagrab?"

"Yes, it is I," said the soldier; "but answer quickly, since God has willed that you should be able to speak to me before the return of Pierre Zény—was it for him that you left us?"

"It was for him, yes," said Chrisna.

"You love him, then?"

"I hate him, Zagrab; as true as that God is powerful, that the Virgin is holy, and that I am Chrisna Carlowitz, your relative and good cousin, the daughter of your mother's sister!"

Chrisna was still speaking when, from the thickets which bordered the valley, from the angles in the rocks, from the caverns of the mountains, in every direction around them, issued men of divers mien, arms, and costumes.

Some were coiffed with those tall, cylindrical hats, forming an elbow after the fashion of a stove-funnel, others with otter-skin caps, and heavy bonnets borrowed from the fur of the bear and the wolf. These were draped in a

species of Roman tunic, and carried long carbines incrustated with ivory; those, clad in frocks of sheep-skin, had no weapon but a hatchet thrust through the girdle; finally, from the jacket to the long pelisse, from the pistol and poignard to the espingole and long curved sabre, all dressed, armed according to their caprice or to the customs of their country, seemed to have been desirous of freeing themselves from the yoke of uniformity as well as from every other.

There were Rousniaks, descended from the Carpathian Mountains, Tartars from Little Cumania, people from the banks of the Danube and the Theiss, Serbs, Croats, Albanians, Dalmatians, Slavonians, and even Montenegrins, mostly deserters from the military frontiers. There might also be distinguished among them by their university costume, contrasting by its simplicity with all the rest, some ancient Slavic students from Perth or Prasbourg.

Preferring the condition of adventurers to that of soldiers, loving war, but not discipline, restive beneath Austrian dominion, they had risen on their own account, recognizing for chief and sovereign only him whom they had freely chosen, Pierre Zény, the Slavonian, dignified by them with the pompous title of King of the Danube.

These wretches constituted the remnant of those imposing bands which Zény had formerly called the Slavic army and which according to his hopes, was destined to re-unite in a single nation after so many centuries of oppression, that great family broken into twenty different nations, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Volga.

Perceiving Chrisna extended motionless on the rock, and beside her a stranger, a knife red with blood in his hand, they thought murder had been committed and were preparing to seize the murderer when Zény came, who enlightened him on the true part played by the Croat in this affair.

The Slavonian brought pure and cool water in his large beaver hat, which he had folded in the shape of a horn. As soon as he had succeeded in restoring Chrisna, who received his attentions with a sort of repugnance, he said, turning to the Cattaran soldier,—

"Jean, you serve among our enemies, so much the worse for you; and you know the place of our encampment, so much the worse for us! But I care little. If your Saxons

possess, at the foot of the mountain, the forts of St. John and the Trinity, we have in these rocks, in these caverns, other redoubts, more solid than theirs. Besides, would they dare attack us in this brave territory of Montenegro? you are then free; but in leaving you your liberty, I do not regard myself as having yet acquitted my debt towards you, Jean, son of Jean! you have reminded me of the defile of Sluin, and I shall never forget the service you have rendered me in this Valley of Ferns, where you have just saved the life of my wife!"

"Your wife? She, your wife?" exclaimed the Croat, his whole body trembling with emotion.

"Why not, comrade? Do you then think we live here like Pagans? By the great Bogh! yes, certainly, she is Madame Zény and has a right to wear the crown of reeds, as Queen of the Danube. Is it not true?" said he, addressing Chrisna.

The latter turned away her head.

"You see then, Jean, I owe you more than you thought for, perhaps; so you shall not leave without taking with you a token of my gratitude."

He then made a movement to take from Chrisna's neck a long gold chain which hung there, but Chrisna holding it fast, said,—

"You gave it to me!"

"Undoubtedly; but if I take it back, it is to offer it to this brave soldier who saved you from the tchimer."

"You gave it to me!" repeated she without letting go of it.

"Be reasonable, Madame Zény!"

And softening the tones of his voice, as if addressing a petulant child, he continued,—

"Listen, Nana; be good, give me this chain, and I will replace it by jewels, by a bouquet of precious stones, so handsome that your madonnas have never seen the like."

"No!" repeated she, obstinately retaining the trinket, which Zény was attempting to take from her. Then she added in an undertone,—

"What could this man do with such an article? would it not be thought he had stolen it? In order to recognize suitably the services he has rendered us both, give him gold, coined gold."

"But, at present, my royal cabinet is empty, as you know."

"Is not Marko about to return?"

During this debate and the contest over the chain, the Cattaran soldier stood there pensive, immovable, as if awaiting his wages.

"When an idea gets into the head of a woman, the devil nails it there," said Zény, half growling, half smiling, turning towards the Croat; "besides, perhaps she is in the right; madame will keep the chain, comrade; but you shall lose nothing by it, I swear it by the sword of St. Peter, my worthy patron; I am awaiting here, momentarily, the return of Marko, my collector, and one of my faithful men; remain among us a few hours longer, and at least two brave men shall not separate without having broken bread together. Will you?"

Still in the same thoughtful attitude, the Croat cast a glance downward, and encountering that of Chrisna, made a sign of acceptance.

At the same instant, an honest matron, withered, bony, with copper-colored skin, falcon eye, and eagle nose, wearing a beguin of green velvet tied over her ears, a cloth petticoat bordered with tinsel, and boots furred in the Hungarian manner, came to rejoin the Montenegrine and to resume her office of attendant. This was the wife of one of the principal men of the band, called Dumboosk.

At her approach, Chrisna rose, and still suffering, leaning on the arm of her cameriste, after having addressed a majestic gesture to those around her, without seeming to distinguish Zagrab from the rest, she regained with slow steps the spot which served as her retreat amid these wild mountains.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN.

As a botanical traveller, I have scaled, with my tin box on my shoulders, those terrific and dark mountains, in the midst of which the first scenes of our drama transpired, and I am seized with a desire to describe here botanically, a little singular valley, striking at the first glance, though nothing in it arrests the eye; gay, laughing, though entirely barren, and which opens at the foot of one of the superior declivities of Montenegro.

Meanwhile, its sterility is not entire nudity if no tree arises from the ground to cast there its flickering shadow; if not a flower sways on its stem, like a graceful censer ready to salute with a welcome the first visitor; if a girdle of rocks, black, angular, or rounded, distorted in a thousand grotesque forms, alone

crowns the heights, like old dismantled battlements, or rather a circle of sphinxes, of hippogriffs, of stone monsters, mysterious guardians of this enclosure,—at least in its central part, the crater of an ancient volcano, hollowed out like a vast bowl of lava, mosses, lichens, heaths of every form and color, over-spread; bestud and variegate a considerable space.

There seem to have met all the lowest orders of creation, all the vegetable parias, the entire world of cryptogamia.

There, gelatinous *tremellas orchillas* of varechian form, fringed *patellarias*, *imbricarias* with broad rosettes, confounding their metallic stars, thrusting their foliaceous fingers through the disordered masses of black *grymmia*, reddish *tortulae*, coriaceous *polytrichs*, silky *leskea*, and a thousand other members of this great family of mosses, interlace, mingle, and are interwoven, to conceal from the profane eye the stony tufa, the arid bosom of this niggardly soil, which for them alone is not a step-mother.

When the summer suns have withered these parasite races and petrified their stems, a uniform, dull tint, of a brownish fawn-color, confounds all these rigid, stiffened, crisp tribes, and gives to the little valley an air of desolation.

It would seem as if death had struck them all at once. There, the foot of the traveller makes a crackling sound as it buries itself in this wadding, this vegetable wool; there, the wild goat, venturing into this circumscribed desert, pauses, astonished at the aspect of this immovable nature, where not a blade of grass waves, not an insect hums, and, after having for a moment with an unquiet air, listened amid the silence which surrounds him, suddenly flies, seized with terror, as he hears the soil crackle and creak beneath his footsteps.

But when the season of rains arrives with its trimestrial deluges; when the little stream which, almost unperceived, trickles from the heights, swollen by a distant storm, overflows its banks, or even when the mists, descending from Mount Vermoz or Mount Cælo, remain for some time suspended over the poor, half-dead plants, the great day of resurrection suddenly dawns for them.

To a curious observer, to one of those fervent admirers of nature who is insensible to none of her pictures, is it not, tell me, a won-

derful spectacle, to see them arise, unfold, and display themselves, as if to stretch out their arms on awakening from a lethargic sleep? Immediately, *tremellas* lichens, mosses, hepaticæ, resume the lively colors of their youth and renew their spring toilet.

These elevate their bifurcated stems, stake their plumes of every hue, their tangled tufts; those display once more in the sunshine their yellow, reddish, emerald scales, unroll their creeping tendrils, their ribbons of green satin, their threads of silk and purple, and all, seen as a whole, soon present to the eye only a thick, sumptuous, and variegated carpet, over which, here and there, by a happy contrast, the vermicular *cladonia* throws its clusters of white coral.

Such was the spectacle which at this moment met the eye of Chrisna; for in this little valley called the Valley of Mosses, and connected by a narrow covered gorge with that of Ferns, which we have just left, was situated the rocky palace of the Queen of the Danube, that is to say the grotto which served as an asylum to Chrisna.

Not far from the little stream which fell from the heights, a square cavity opening from the rugged rocks, and which was reached by a flight of stone steps, seemed to have been decorated much more by nature than by art. Thanks to the trickling of hidden springs, a brilliant layer of stalactites, like stucco, clothed the upper walls. Mouldings, rosaces, arabesques in relief, were not wanting to this ceiling wrought by a master hand.

Between this ceiling of stalactites and a sandy floor with granite foundation, here and there flakes of mica and fragments of silice threw their metallic rays amid the twilight of the grotto, and completed this picturesque tapestry better adapted, perhaps, to charm the eyes of a geologist than those of a young woman.

As for the furniture, a mat of reeds covered with a carpet of list, some boxes, a little glass placed at the entrance, in the daylight, a table and a seat hewn with the hatchet; on the table some wooden dishes varnished and gilt in the Russian manner and a basket of finely woven rushes containing silken stuffs embroidered with tinsel and spangles; at the head of the mat which served as a couch, a little reliquary and a blessed branch: these constituted all the movables of this rustic boudoir. Some vines of morella and ivy tapestried the

entance, and composed by the mingling of their shaded verdure and pendant berries, these black, those scarlet, a graceful porch.

The queen of this palace, the nymph of this grotto, or rather, the inhabitant of this prison, Chrisna, was nineteen. Of a stature above the middle size, beautiful in form as well as feature, she wore a thoughtful brow; in her large, black, velvety eyes, which seemed more brilliant still contrasted with her fine and delicate skin, lightly embrowned by the air and the sun, shone by turns two opposite gleams, the one expressing the profound sensibility of her heart, the other, the ready exaltation of her mind.

Of obscure family, brought up far from cities, amid rude mountaineers, though her talents were limited to divers works of the needle in which she excelled, there was in her something of reserve, of dignity, which to those who did not know the pride of mien of her humblest countrywomen, would seem to have betokened a noble virgin.

Born in Montenegro, she had left it to join, in another mountainous country, her only remaining relative. At a later period, she had accompanied this relative, to a Hungarian camp. There she had voluntarily accepted the ring of Zagrab, her bold and fearless lover, exchanging for his love only a sisterly friendship. There also, for the first time, she had heard of Zény.

Zény was then at the head of a little army which was struggling, sometimes even successfully, against the troops of the emperor. He had assumed the title of King of the Danube; nevertheless, in the eyes of his adversaries, the king of the Danube was only a bandit chief. But Chrisna remembered that the greatest heroes of her country, those who had by turns freed Montenegro from the yoke of Venice, of Austria, and of Turkey, had received from their enemies only this title. Who could assure her that the brigand Zény was not also a hero?

At this period, the Albanians had arisen at the call of Ali of Tebelen; the Greeks had already riddled with their balls the red flag of Islamism; following in the footsteps of Theodore Vladimiresco, the Moldavians and Wallachians had just driven from the principalities the Fanariotes, their eternal enemies; Naples was roaring like her volcano; Spain and Portugal were on fire; the disturbances in Poland were communicating painful shocks to the whole

Sclavonian country; the liberals of France, the carbonari of Italy, the free-masons of Germany, seemed to be agitating at this word—liberty! All these sounds of independence, blending in the air, had left but a confused hum in the ears of Chrisna. Why should the cause represented by Zény be less sacred to her than any other? He also, talked of liberty, of independence, of the resurrection of the Slavic nationality! She believed in him; her ardent imagination, until then repressed, became exalted; it was a fever, a delirium. A daughter of Montenegro, did she not also belong to that great family of Slaves, of whom Zény was about to become the deliverer?

Around her, the soldiers of the camp pronounced the name of *bandit* only amid threats and imprecations; this name was the cry of the pandours when they loaded their arms; the balls seemed to murmur it as they glided into the bores of the carbines; the sabres hissed it as they were sharpened upon the stone; and against the hatred of all, she gave this name a right of refuge in her heart. She would see in him who bore it, only an exile, a glorious revolter, impatient to deliver his country from the disgraceful yoke of Austria.

Among the troops of the emperor, among the soldiers of the Banat, all vied in keeping at bay this unchained lion, and Chrisna felt herself seized with an ineffable pity for this poor hunted animal, pursued by an implacable pack.

Pity! This word summed up all the past of Chrisna; perhaps her entire life.

The sentiment which actuated her was rather, as with so many women, the ungovernable desire of pleasing, not that of commanding: this secret motive, which, under the appearance of a beneficent genius, partook of the demon as well as the angel, for it was to be the cause of her errors and her faults, was pity. If she was at first seized with so lively an interest in Zagrab as to consent to become his betrothed, it was because she had known him to be oppressed, miserable, unjustly excluded from paternal love; she had not loved, but taken pity on him, that was all. If, afterward, the name of Pierre Zény sufficed to exalt her imagination and make her forget her engagement with Zagrab, it was again pity which extended for her the snare, from which she was destined to escape, only crushed and despairing.



She, a young girl, hitherto pure and reserved, had hastily broken away from the guardianship of her relative; she had, by night, deserted the village, the camp, where she was beloved and honored, to go, with her inspired impulse and mountaineer's confidence, alone, without a guide, through a long and arduous route to join the bandit, and say to him: "I love you because they hate you; you are beautiful in my eyes for you are proscribed; your cause is holy and just, for it is that of the weakest, and I bring you succor, reinforcement, protection, a safe guard, my love!"

Nevertheless, once in the presence of Pierre Zény, this word did not escape her lips.

The King of the Danube, though of tall and noble form, of regular and well defined features, had on his countenance something rude and vulgar which repressed the adventurous impulses of the young girl.

She was troubled and could only murmur in an undertone some confused words of devotion to the cause of the Slaves, as well as to the person of their chief.

Then, perceiving around her a circle of strange faces, whose inquisitive glances boldly sought to scan her features beneath her hood, she was seized with fear; she would have retired; it was too late.

Zény knew too well the usages of nations to allow to depart thus his beautiful visitor, his new ally.

Affecting an almost chivalric gallantry, he detained her to give her a fete in which his best cavaliers should execute a species of fantasia in the Arab manner. After which, night approaching, and *the roads being unsafe*, he said, he forcibly imposed his hospitality upon her.

The King of the Danube then occupied in the Banat of Warasdin, a town from which he had driven the inhabitants. Chrisna was lodged in the finest room of the best house in the place, with a sentinel at her door to do her honor.

In the middle of the night, the door opened noiselessly, and Zény secretly introduced himself into Chrisna's apartment. But he found her awake and up.

Assuming with her the tone of a soldier, and affecting to believe, perhaps really believing, that she had been actuated by unworthy motives, he essayed to treat her as an adventuress. Chrisna fixed on him her large black

eyes, made a gesture with her head, and the Selavonian changed his tactics, and mode of action; from a wolf he became a lamb. His soft words succeeded no better than his soldier roughness.

"Why then," exclaimed he, "did you come to the camp of Zény?"

"I came to seek a hero, and not a coward!" replied she.

The next day he attempted to become a hero again in the eyes of Chrisna. The resistance of the young girl, aided by her beauty, had inspired in him a violent passion. One idea pleased him; he would subdue this ferocious virtue and at the same time avenge himself. It was one of the peculiarities of his proud temperament, that there must necessarily be some hatred mingled with his love. The empire exercised over him by a woman, he revolted at though it charmed him.

He appeared in her presence no more except armed at all points, in his costume of liberator and beneath his mask of a man with great ideas. She saw him parade at the head of his soldiers; she was a witness of the severe discipline which he maintained among them. One evening, on his return from an excursion in which he had routed some militia of the country, he came in search of her; he talked to her of his projects, of his hopes, which he exaggerated. Every day deserters from the enemy's camp were coming in crowds to swell his band; two thousand mountaineers, Selavonians or Croats were on their way to join him; the leaders of the Albanian and Greek insurrections had just united with him; very soon, in his opinion, the Slavic population would rise as a single man.

At the end of this preamble, his love was again declared, but in terms far other than at first. In the midst of the oppressive cares of a soldier's life, he needed a friend, a companion, a counsellor, who should sustain him in his enterprises and console him in his reverses. This woman, he wished to associate with his perils and his glory, by giving her his name.

Chrisna had repulsed the lover, but she accepted the husband.

She accepted him, not with that enthusiasm she had felt when her excited imagination had made her see in Zény a hero, but she still believed in the sanctity of his mission; she espoused the cause rather than the man.

Besides, what course remained for her to pursue? Had she not, voluntarily and for-

ever, separated herself from her own people? Had she not, by her imprudent step, placed herself wholly in the power of the Slavonian?

Meanwhile, she reserved to herself the right of dictating conditions, which were accepted. A Roman Catholic priest whom she designated, whom she knew, won by gold or perhaps taken by force, came to bless this marriage, which was celebrated publicly in the little chapel of the town then occupied by the Slaves.

Six months passed away during which Chrisna, sustained by the idea of duty, shared with entire devotion, the good as well as evil fortunes of the band. Sometimes, in the midst of perils, Zény had suddenly perceived her at his side, without much surprise; for he knew the courage of the women of Montenegro. In spite of himself he felt his interest in her increase. This alarmed his pride, ashamed as he was to submit to any yoke; so his paroxysms of tenderness often manifested themselves amid irony and anger. Chrisna's pride was wounded, but her heart did not bleed. In this heart, there was no longer any love for him.

The time of reverses came. Chrisna had played as nobly as possible the part which she had imposed upon herself. She still sought to remain blind as to the cause she had espoused and the man whose companion she had become; but the frock of the bandit had already appeared beneath the mantle of the Slave. Unable longer to levy contributions on cities and villages, if Zény had not yet condescended to rob single travellers on the road, at least he allowed it to be done.

From this moment, Chrisna had ceased to take her food with him, and even refused to be maintained at his expense. In order to provide for her own subsistence, resuming her embroiderer's needle as in the days of her early youth, she did not blush to fashion caps, aprons, sashes, for young girls, ornamented with rich trimmings of silk and spangles, which her old cameriste sold in the neighboring towns when opportunity offered. Now that the remnant of the Slavonic army had taken refuge in the Valley of Ferns, a trusty man, one of the purveyors of the band, took them to Verba, to Cettigne, and even to Cattaro. We have seen the sovereigns of India or of Persia, the pachas of Turkey, defraying their scanty expenses of the kitchen only by some small articles of basket-work, fabricated by

their own hands, influenced as they were by this idea, that the man who subsists on food exchanged for money illy acquired, will see, at the day of the last judgment, the angel of awakening armed with a golden scalpel, pitilessly cut from his limbs every part of the flesh produced by this guilty aliment, and send him, thus mutilated, before the throne of God.

Had this belief, born in the Orient, been propagated through Macedonia and Albania to Montenegro? Was it through religious scruples that Chrisna imposed upon herself these privations and this labor? We do not think so. In her honest mountaineer instincts she had marked out to herself the limit where the rights of war ended, and she refused to live by theft.

A striking circumstance had recently occurred to strengthen her resolution, and implant in her excited mind the germ of far other ideas.

#### CHAPTER III.—A PRISONER.

ONE evening as Chrisna was reposing, dressed, on her couch of reeds and list, several shots were heard, multiplied by the echoes of the caverns and the rocks.

"What is that, Margatt?" said she to her cameriste, lying not far from her.

"The song of the nightingale, perhaps," replied Margatt, still half asleep.

"But I heard the sound of carbines, I tell you."

"Then it is a quarrel," muttered the old woman, tranquilly resuming her first attitude; "let them alone. Let them kill and eat each other, if they please; that is their concern."

"If it should be an attack of the Catterans!" pursued Chrisna, already up.

And, without listening to Margatt, who while following her, insisted that she had been only dreaming, she hastily crossed the little valley of Mosses and entered that of Ferns.

All there was calm; but very soon, on her right, in the direction of Bosnia and Kerzegovina, was heard a confused murmur.

Excited, the one by an irresistible curiosity, the other by her sinister apprehensions, which revived again stronger than ever, the two women scaled, with each other's assistance, one of the hills opposite to them. From thence, if the sun had come to their aid, they might have reached with their eyes, through the escarpment of the rocks, even beyond the

limits of Montenegro, to a road practicable for carriages, which, along the forests of Herzegovina, led to Cattaro. Meanwhile, the profound obscurity in which these lower slopes were plunged, was dispelled a little by the smoky gleams cast by lighted pine-branches, waved by a species of phantoms assembled on the road.

Chrisna did not believe in phantoms.

"Margatt," asked she of her companion in a low tone, "do you think those cries which have just reached us, those shots which distinctly resounded in the grotto, could have proceeded from that spot so distant?"

"I think so."

"What are those two motionless shadows, lying across the road?"

"Corpses!" murmured the old woman.

"But who are those men assembled there, as for a murder?"

"Ours," replied Margatt drily, with the same brevity.

"Just God! Is it thus they requite the hospitality of my brave countrymen? Ah! if Zény knew!"

"He knows, perhaps."

"You are mistaken, Margatt!" said the young woman, interrupting her. "No! he is not yet so far degraded."

"Do you think so?" replied the old woman mockingly and turning towards her her greenish eyes. "I affirm nothing, and you will do well to suspect nothing, *ma mignonne*; one should always, if possible, have a good opinion of one's husband."

And she dwelt on this last word with a certain malicious affectation to which Chrisna paid no heed, lost as she was in her dark thoughts.

"At all events," resumed Margatt, "if your husband is not there, mine is, certainly, for I recognize him by his tall stature; do you not see him also, *ma mignonne*? The others only reach to his shoulder. This stature has been the cause of all my misfortunes. I was flattered to become the wife of a man more than six feet high!—and still young. He might grow. He, on his part, married me, would you believe it? only because I had amassed the sum of three thousand Austrian florins in the service of the Count Zopolsky, and this infamous Dumbrosk devoured it all the first day; he saw in marriage only a wedding repast. This wedding has left its trace in Hungary, where I then lived. People still

talk of a repast *a la Dumbrosk*. Imagine, my dear child, that there had been traced, around a large field, a deep furrow with the plough. The guests, to the number of more than three hundred, all the low fellows in the neighborhood, with their feet in the furrow, were seated on one of its edges, holding their plates and bottles on the other. What they eat and drank would have sufficed to feed a thousand; and it was my dowry they were swallowing. The most gluttonous of all was the bridegroom. He remained fourteen hours at table without interruption. It was daylight when he was brought to the nuptial chamber, dead-drunk. When he awoke, he beat me so that I kept my bed for more than three weeks. Since that we have lived like brother and sister; he still beats me sometimes, but not so badly. Well, I love him, this monster, because of his stature, and I have followed him everywhere, even when he came to enroll himself in the band of the Selavonian. Now he beats me no longer; but he does not speak to me, he does not look at me. What say you to that, my darling? I ask you if you call that a good husband?"

All these conjugal complaints were lost on Chrisna, who, seated on a stone, with her head buried in her hands, remained absorbed in her reflections. She was aroused from them by new rumors ascending from below and becoming more distinct. Then the two women, advancing towards one of the crests of the hill, looked; the torches had changed their places: they moved in parallel lines, and tall shadows began to run along at the very foot of the hill, one of the summits of which they occupied.

"Was I wrong?" exclaimed Margatt with an air of triumph; "these are indeed our men!"

"Hush!" said Chrisna suddenly drawing back.

Amid the murmurs from below which were approaching, she could now distinctly recognize the voice of Dumbrosk, of Marko, and that of some other leaders. The light of the torches illuminated to its summit, the very hill on which the two women stood. They prostrated themselves on the ground.

Very soon, beneath them, there emerged through a large gap in the mountains the detachment of Slaves who were returning from the expedition. By the last gleams of the torches which they were extinguishing,

Chrisna could see, in their midst, a man bound, covered with mud, his garments and hair in disorder. With indolent step and gun thrown over his broad shoulders, a chief closed the march of the sinister cortege: it was Pierre Zény the king of the Danube, her husband!

"Horror!" exclaimed she.

The sinister cortege passed; her heart swollen with bitterness, Chrisna half rose; she remained on her knees, and, after having followed for some time with a feverish glance this confused mass of men which was about to lose itself beneath the dense shade of the trees and rocks, she crossed her hands fervently, turned towards heaven her large eyes rendered still larger by exaltation, and addressing the virgin, said:

"Spouse of God, the bandit's wife makes here this vow: this man whom they have unjustly made their prey, this man,—whoever he may be, I will save, should it cost me my life. I will save him, I swear it to thee!"

The next day about noon, Pierre Zény appeared in the little valley of Mosses and visited the grotto of rock. He found there the Montenegrine extended on her mat and sleeping or feigning to sleep.

"Is she sick. Has she been kept awake? Did anything disturb her repose last night?" asked he of Margatt with an almost threatening air.

Re-assured by the reply of the latter, he contemplated for an instant, in her graceful posture, this beautiful young woman whose sleep seemed to be visited by pleasant dreams; at least thus he interpreted the contraction of her lip, the vibration of her long black eyelashes, and those changing hues, by turns coloring her neck and temples, the flow and re-action of emotions rising from the heart to the brain.

"Sleep on, *mitidika*,"\* said he, borrowing from the Slavonic language one of its softest words; "and if thou art still dreaming of being queen of the Danube, here is something to please thy vanity; thou shalt awake with a diadem on thy brow."

Taking then from his girdle a long chain of gold, he twined it around the tresses of the slumberer, and withdrew, after having exchanged a few words in a low tone with Margatt.

Scarcely had he left, when Chrisna, raising herself on her couch, put her hand to her hair,

\* *Mitidika*, little one.

and, with a gesture of anger and scorn, threw far from her the rich present of the Slavonian. Margatt quickly picked it up.

"Why throw it away?" said she. "It may be of great assistance in case of necessity; who knows what may happen? This trinket is really yours, for the master charged me to tell you that he bought it of a broker of Cattaran expressly for you."

"He did not buy it, he stole it!" exclaimed Chrisna, "meanly stole it from the stranger whom they seized last night."

"I think so too, little one; but, if our husbands did the deed, the fault is theirs; as for us, it will not cost us one hour of purgatory. Are they not our husbands? We accept from them what they give us—we must submit. Until now, my part in this respect has been easily played, for my husband has never offered me any thing, and has despoiled me of all, the brigand!"

As she spoke, the honest attendant, standing at the entrance of the grotto, was weighing the chain in her hand, uncoiling it, examining it and letting it shine in the sun, as if to feast upon it her eager glances. Suddenly she uttered a cry of surprise.

One of the rings larger than the rest, bore, engraved in intaglio, the escutcheon of Hungary, and the figure of a capuchin monk on a field of sable.

In this seal, in this armorial engraving, placed at the extremity of the chain, Margatt recognized the arms of her former master, Frederick Zapolsky, Count of Oedenburg. But Count Frederick had died making war against the French. Then this man whom the Slaves captured the preceding night, can be only old Zapolsky, the elder brother of Count Frederick, or the son of the latter, little George, the child whom she has more than once held on her knee in the old château of Oedenburg.

While the ancient servant of the Zapolskys, thus apostrophizing herself, sought to divine which of the members of this illustrious family had become the prisoner of the Slavonian on that night of murder and rapine, Chrisna approached her, and seeing the chain, passed it hastily around her neck, exclaiming:

"This chain of gold, the fruit of theft, I will wear, I will keep, but as a despot, and only until I can restore it to its lawful possessor. Henceforth, I will have it constantly before my eyes; it will remind me of the fulfilment



of the duty I have imposed upon myself, if I could ever forget it!"

From that day, become in the eyes of all, capricious, taciturn, irritable, Chrisna avoided the approach of the Slaves, even of their chief, to repair to the most secluded spots, and there abandon herself freely to her reveries.

Sometimes, at evening, a shade was seen to glide among the birch woods or along the ravine; it was she. When the sun pursued his course, she seated herself beside the basket which contained her embroidery, on some culminating point of the hills which undulated around the Valley of Ferns; and there, with her elbow on her knee, and her face veiled by her hand, passed whole hours in a sort of immobility.

Through her half-open fingers, her attentive eye then watched all the movements going on in the valley, the direction taken by the chiefs, and the places where they stationed the sentinels.

In the Slavonian camp they knew not to what to attribute the sudden change in the character and habits of Chrisna.

Some thought her becoming deranged; others, that fatal presentiments possessed her, and they suspected she was about to become a prophetess. The Albanians belonging to the band thought they saw in her a *Mire*, one of their good goddesses, who loves to wander by night in desert places; the Servians, at sight of her, thought of their inspired *Willies*; the Cumanian Tartars, of their fairy *Delibaba*, who, on mountain summits, presides over the direction of the clouds. The countrymen of Chrisna, on their part, the Montenegrins, murmured to themselves, with apparent reason, that, finding herself so near her native country, ennui at being unable to return to it tormented her and alone rendered her so capricious.

The former students of the university of Presburg contented themselves with seeing in her a charming dreamer.

Zeny, after having in vain attempted to learn the secret of his companion's sadness, shared the belief of the Montenegrins on the subject of her home-sickness; which redoubled in him the impatient desire of being able to quit the neighborhood of Montenegro, where his name as well as his fortune threatened to be entirely compromised.

One clear morning as Chrisna, sheltered beneath the festoons of morilla and ivy, was

sitting at the door of her grotto, plying her needle through silk and silver filigree, Margatt came unexpectedly to seat herself on the lowest step of the little stairway of rocks.

"Well, beautiful adventuress," said she in a careless tone, "how are our fine prospects of deliverance?"

Chrisna shook her head, and without making any other reply, continued her work.

The old woman ascended one step and resumed:—

"You are very silent, my queen, very discreet to-day."

"You would not, Margatt, become associated with my plans; of what use is it then, to talk about them?"

"If I do not aid you in your projects, it is not for want of friendship and devotion to your person; but the danger is greater for your servant than for you; I have no longer my eyes of twenty years to win my pardon. At the worst, do you not by a little coaxing, make the wolf a lamb fit to shear and to roast?"

As she spoke, the old Hungarian had scaled the few steps which still separated her from her mistress. Then seating herself on the very threshold of the grotto, leaning towards Chrisna who was sitting on a stool, and moderating her harsh voice in a mysterious manner, she continued,—

"I also have my project; I also have made my vow, not to the Virgin, but to St. Lucifer, the patron of my beloved Dumbrosk. But first I must tell you, my darling, that, as to your good intentions concerning the prisoner, you must not think of them."

Chrisna made a movement of which Margatt understood the sinister meaning; so she resumed,—

"Oh! no, no; they have not yet killed him. What I mean is, that it is not proved to me at all that he is a Zapolsky as I thought at first. I have listened at the councils with my ear to the ground; it appears that the traveller was accompanied by two of his people; now there were two corpses, and as leaden balls do not choose, especially at night, there are two chances to one that the master was left for dead, and that it is simply one of the servants who was brought here. You will not care, little one, to risk your life for a servant, will you?"

"Why not?"

"At best," continued the old woman,

"whatever may be the plumage of the bird, it is not his deliverance which we are to think of at present, but our own."

"Our own! what do you mean?"

"Listen! Hear me to the end!"

And Margatt, approaching still nearer Chrisna, and resting her elbow on the stool on which the latter was seated, continued,—

"The life we lead here is no longer supportable. It was better when there were joy and plenty in the camp. I have had enough, too much of it. As for you, dear little one, you are still more to be pitied. I, at least, have nothing to do but to serve you, and, when I have cleared away your table, the housekeeping is done; but you, of what use is it to have the name of queen of these Zingaris, if you must work for your living? At this rate, you could earn a subsistence anywhere else better than here. If we were in a city it would be another thing. You are a good workwoman, you are pretty; nothing would be wanting."

Chrisna, with her hands crossed on her knees, and head inclined, listened without interrupting her. Margatt, taking her silence for a sort of acquiescence, pursued,—

"This, then, is the plan I have formed, for you as well as myself. It would not be easy for us, in the day-time, to part company with these gentlemen; we will profit by a cloudy night. You will say we are unacquainted with the routes, and in this frightful country. The road is a precipice and the paths ravines, genuine quagmires; but I have provided for all. We will address ourselves to Lazo Jusich; he is your countryman; it is he who carries your work to Verba, and brings you the proceeds; he must love you, as much as he hates our soldiers, who are always ridiculing his humpback and his ugliness. He will not be sorry to assist us in playing them a trick. Besides, the honest youth is interested; we can promise him a reward. One is always rich enough to promise. Lazo Jusich shall then be our guide. He shall wait for us at a spot agreed upon—"

"You are dreaming awake, Margatt," interrupted Chrisna. "You forget that I am not free. Whatever may be the wrongs of Zény—his crimes, perhaps, can I abandon him when fortune is against him? Have I not sworn before God to follow him everywhere? Am I not his wife?"

The round eye of the old Hungarian suddenly scintillated with all the joy caused her in advance by the fearful revelation she had so long been preparing; her thin and close lips parted in a sinister smile; in her sweet emotion of malevolence, the blood rushing to her face, especially to her eyelids, gave for an instant a sort of animation to her rough and embrowned skin and surrounded with a circle of scarlet her viper-like glance fastened on Chrisna.

"His wife!" repeated she, "If that is the only obstacle which detains you, my darling, I can free your conscience with a word."

"What have you to tell me?" exclaimed Chrisna, beside herself, and feeling the blow before it had been struck.

"Poor little one! to be so cruelly deceived! I reproach myself for not having told you sooner."

"Speak! speak!" replied the young woman, passionately.

"Do not exclaim so loudly, *mignonne*, the very echoes are tell-tales here, and if the master should recognize the sound of your voice he might come, he loves you so much. It is very natural. The Montenegrins are all virtuous, they say."

"Are you determined to drive me to desperation, Margatt? Will you speak? What have you to tell me? Does it concern my marriage with Zény? Do you wish to have me understand that it was a false one?"

"I did not say so, *ma mie!* Your marriage was not a false one, it was real, like mine with that villain Dumbrosk."

"Can it be otherwise?" pursued Chrisna, speaking to herself, evoking by turns to her memory all the circumstances which had accompanied her union with the Slavie chief. "Were we not married in broad day, before the altar and in a Catholic church?"

"The church was well enough, it is true, though peopled on that day with queer parishioners; the pope might have been married there, for that matter."

"And the holy man who blessed us—I knew him! I could not have been mistaken there!"

"Doubtless. Oh! he was indeed a true priest, a holy man as you say."

"Were there not present the requisite number of witnesses?"

"Enough and to spare! Only old Paoli Mackewitz—Paoli the honest man—did not

wish to be present. That was a bad sign. But his presence was not necessary; they could do without him."

"Well then," exclaimed Chrisna, pale and trembling, turning towards Margatt, "what do you wish me to suppose?"

"What is the matter, *ma mie*? In truth, if it affects you thus, I will tell you nothing more. But is it indeed, so great a misfortune for you to find yourself once more a marriageable young girl?"

"Marriageable!" repeated Chrisna mechanically and without strength to cry out, so much had this moral torture exhausted her natural energy.

"Undoubtedly! You are free! For as to your pretended marriage it had but one little inconvenience: it was Pierre Zény's third wedding, and his first two wives are still living."

Chrisna remained a few minutes as if thunderstruck.

"O Zagrab!" murmured she, "thou art indeed avenged! Oh my dreams! I wished to be the companion of a hero,—what am I? —the concubine of a robber chief!"

Tears rolled from her eyes; then, rising suddenly, with uplifted brow, she said:—

"Well! God is my judge. If I have fallen into this abject state, it is against my will. This Zény,—now at least, I may hate him!"

"And leave him! and the sooner the better," said the Hungarian; "now, my darling," added she in a tone which she attempted to render caressing, and which was, as before, only cruel, "you understand what I must have suffered in being forced to become your servant; for I am really the wife of that tall brigand. It is a misfortune, but still it is more honorable than to be—— Was it fitting, I ask, that the lawful wife should be the ser-

vant, while—— I do not mean to reproach you, little one. It was not your fault, and I do not think the less of you. It is only to let you know that all this should change and must change. Henceforth, we will live like sisters, will we not? That hunchback of a Lazo-Jussich must come to the camp—I will find means to speak to him. To-morrow, this very night, if your heart says so, we will escape, and once at Cattara or Ragusa, you shall see what a pretty housekeeping ours will be. It is decided, we will set out to-night."

"I shall remain!" replied Chrisna, who, during this last speech of the old woman, had been pacing the floor of the grotto. "I shall remain. It is not permitted me to leave. But I will not detain you, Margatt!"

Beneath this disdainful speech, Margatt rose like a reptile trodden under foot by the passer-by, and, completely disgorging her venom, and showing her triple fang, said,—

"Do I need your permission, Montenegrin, to go where I please? Think you, now that you know all, that I still regard myself as your very humble servant? No, mademoiselle! If you have my secret, I have yours, and take care of yourself!"

Chrisna directed her steps towards the entrance of the grotto, and without deigning to reply, after having cast upon the viper a proud glance, crushing in scorn, went out to ask the calm mountain breezes to cool the agitation of her mind.

It was on the same day, and immediately after this revelation, that, pursuing her dreamy rambles farther than usual, she encountered the tchimber, and afterwards met with Jean Zagrab, Zagrab whose presence had awakened in her profound emotion, a mingling of joy and remorse.

## PART III.

THE scrutiny of the effects of the deceased Count was a work of time; and expectation, as I have said, was busy during the interval preceding the judicial announcement. Before this is published, it will not be amiss to review the case briefly *ab exteriori*; touching the points to which inquiry and doubt chiefly turn, in order to a fair solution of what is so far an enigma. I do not mean a notice of the idle or scandalous theories, based on nothing, but a survey of the actual points of character and circumstance that hitherto have baffled interpretation—of those half-seen and mysterious traits which at once excite and puzzle curiosity. This, on the eve of positive disclosures, may be thought a needless operation. It will, however, be found far otherwise. The measure, indeed, of what may be made known, can only be given, in terms of what we may desire to know. Our concern in the result, moreover, depends on the interest, free from vain surmises, being fixed on the real perplexities that rise on whatever side this singular problem is examined.

In this process, no use will be made of the Count's hints or declarations. They may have been true, but cannot be trusted alone. Where concealment is the rule, there is no saying what is the worth, or what may have been the design of exceptional revelations.

A man in the prime of life, vigorous, intelligent, and sanguine, conversant with the world, and alive to its enjoyments, qualified to shine in it, and with wealth to command its advantages, comes to bury himself, not without ostentation, in a remote corner of Germany, with a female companion, whom he hides with more than Oriental care. Not content with mere retirement, which here might have been amply secured on easy terms and without attracting notice, he fences himself in with the complicated and repulsive system of non-intercourse, which we have been watching. To this system, a self-imposed silence, the refusal of all knowledge of what he is or has been, and the utmost impatience of observation, give additional severity; and in the few cases in which he departs from it,—as in his intercourse with the Pastor,—the exception itself is a study of unaccountable precautions. To maintain it, he spares neither pains nor cost; in defence of it he does not hesitate to beard the government which gives him shelter. Above all, he condemns

himself thereby to some of the worst privations which life can bear; to exclusion from human society, to perpetual imprisonment, to all but perpetual silence; penalties from which the duller natures shrink, but which to one so lively, impulsive, and sympathetic as his, must have been unspeakably tormenting. And, finally, this penance is endured, not as a temporary evil, but for a lifetime.

For a proceeding so uncommon in all ways—unless it be attributed to madness—motives of no common urgency must be assumed. And with respect to these, either it was voluntary—in which case an object must be inferred outweighing the sacrifice; or it was compulsory—i. e., taken under some pressure corresponding to the effect. And this pressure may have been external or internal.

A verdict of insanity, of course, at once disposes of all that looks doubtful or strange in human conduct. But this, in the present case, would amount to no more than a confession of the difficulty of suggesting a better interpretation. Where none of the usual signs of mental disorder were ever seen or suspected, and its presence is merely inferred from a course of conduct to which it is not easy to assign sufficient motives; such a conclusion can only serve to cut the knot when all attempts to untie it have failed, and is, in fact, merely an awkward evasion of the failure. For it by no means follows that, because the connection between a given series of things and their efficient causes has not been traced, no such causes therefore can have existed: and this caveat, applicable to most ethical and social problems, especially applies to one in which the data are in some respects uncertain, and the series of essential facts is far from being complete.

It may suffice to repeat that on the spot—at no time and by none of those who either came in contact with the recluse or busied themselves in divining his secret—was the slightest suspicion of his insanity entertained. This, where so much was eccentric and unusual, and conjectures of every kind were rife, may be taken as proof that nothing could be seen from which the common sense of men infers derangement. There is, indeed, evidence enough on the other side. A clearer view than the Count's, of all that concerned him, and more steadiness and tact in pursu-



ing his ends, could hardly be imagined. He is fierce and hasty when angered, but never without provocation; and his general self-command and strength of will are never affected by such heats of temper. Of those suspicions and antipathies which especially betray the insane, there are no tokens. The cheerfulness and benevolence which he preserves in seclusion from all society, are signs of health both moral and physical. And it would be difficult to conceive that mind unsound which could retain its freshness and force after thirty years of silence; a trial severe enough to have prostrated the best intellects. Such a man we cannot prove deranged, by any practical test of human sanity.

With those nice and flexible definitions, which, if equally applied, would embrace all whose temper or conduct is perverse, peculiar, or reckless, we need not concern ourselves here. Their only effect anywhere is to make the study of anomalies in human character impossible.

It must be allowed that to construe the facts in question on rational grounds is no easy task. Its difficulty arises from the number of salient tokens, each apparently decisive when viewed by itself, but giving way on all sides when brought in contact with each other. Let us take them briefly in the order already laid down.

Voluntary self-interment may be conceived in a religious ascetic, or in a misanthrope; hardly in any other type of human character. As to the former, it is needless to say a word; we have seen enough of Eishausen and of its inmate to dismiss at once the idea of devotion or bodily penance. Nor will the other character occupy us much longer. If there be any one thing certain in the present case, it is, that the recluse was neither a hater of his kind, nor one, even, whom life-weariness or a wounded spirit had driven into solitude. On the contrary, he is distinguished by active and sumptuous charities; his lively interest in all classes of his neighbors breaks out on every side; nay, his enmity is disarmed in a moment by the report of any misfortune to those who have offended him the most. Indeed, had positive evidence been wanting, it might have been certainly declared *à priori* that one so choleric, inquisitive, and splendid, was never known to be a misanthrope.

On the affairs of the great world he is no less intent than on the welfare of his neigh-

bors. He watches every scene in the European drama with the keenest attention; takes part with the actors, and eagerly canvasses the issue of the piece; greedily seeks intelligence from all quarters, and digests it in a continual ferment of thought. This is not the picture of a man disgusted with the world he has quitted; rather say, of one who sympathizes with it in every fibre, and seems ready at any moment to fly into its embrace.

With such propensities, it may be added, to imagine a wounded spirit would be an absurdity. That he showed no sign of injury or of resentment, nothing in the least degree plaintive, splenetic, or morose, is otherwise apparent. Every glimpse that is seen of him proclaims the reverse; vigor of body, alertness and ardor of mind. No mere strength of will, without a high flow of spirits, would have kept life and health so long without a flaw in that solitary confinement. No broken-hearted recluse could have preserved the vivacity that amazed the physician who heard him speak for the first time after an age of silence.

It may be said that I have omitted one possible motive for a voluntary retreat; jealous passion, namely, sacrificing all to the exclusive possession of a beloved object; and that the possibility of such a motive is suggested by the manner in which the lady was guarded. It would be wasting time to discuss this supposition deliberately. I will only say, first; that, apart from other objections, this would leave all the precautions which regarded the Count himself as dark as ever: and secondly; that if, even, a passion so engrossing, and jealousy so extreme, where no risk of any kind was seen, could be assumed as an adequate motive for a time, it is quite impossible to conceive it lasting. The idea of a twenty-years' paroxysm of such violence is beyond the wildest fables of a lover's Arcadia.

There is yet another hypothesis, not wholly foreign to this part of the subject, which at first sight seems to present a firmer hold. What if his care was the vigilance of a keeper—of one hired by a rich bribe to devote himself to the charge of a prisoner, whom some great personage had reasons for concealing from the world, at whatever cost?

Some of the circumstances certainly suit this notion better than any of those we have yet considered. It agrees with many indica-

tions, which all lead to the belief that the lady, on whatever ground, was really the central point of the Count's system. It would account for that system not yielding to time, which must have destroyed the effect of every other conceivable motive. It would accord with the deference remarked in the Count's demeanor towards the lady; and it would in some degree explain not only his care to keep off observers, but also the mystery in which he involved his own proceedings. In such a case secrecy would be desired not on account of the captive alone; the gaoler himself might well dread the shame of exposure, while content in private with a disgraceful office—or, it may be, sustained in it by notions of duty. The latter would be a plausible reason for his obstinacy when pressed for information by the government.

So far all seems probable. But will the theory bear closer handling? In the first place, is it likely that any man such as we have seen could have been hired, by any reward, to undertake a charge involving the loss of his position in life, of liberty, of all converse with mankind; to expend his varied endowments and bright intellect on the base office of a turnkey? And had the bribe been adequate to the sacrifice (if such an equation were possible), would not the gaoler have hastened at once to enjoy it, with his release, on the death of the prisoner, instead of remaining to die alone in the cell she had left? Or if this were part of the compact, what must the payment have been? if given beforehand, how could the conditions be enforced? if continued, where are the signs of its employment?

These, however, are but minor objections. Waiving them altogether, the grand difficulty presents itself on the other side. Here, too, it is necessary to contend that the proof of the lady's being in any sense a prisoner is utterly wanting; that no sign of coercion appeared, while all that was seen bespoke confidence and regard; that means of escape were never wanting; and that not the slightest attempt at flight, not a whisper of complaint, was ever heard of. Let it be assumed that the lady was under constraint; and if, with the facts before us, the idea of personal coercion must be rejected—that moral compulsion was in some way brought to bear on her, so that she became in act a party to her own imprisonment. Suppose her a captive, under the conditions we have

seen—what is the necessary inference? The existence of one whose suppression is important to parties of unlimited power and means, in so high a degree, that for that purpose they are willing to buy the service and the silence of an agent of no vulgar sort; and to defray for a long series of years the expense of an imprisonment at once costly and insecure. Where in modern Europe are we to look for such a combination? \* How, if by any chance it had arisen, could it lie for

\* The secret history of the last one hundred and fifty years has many anecdotes of females of rank, genuine or assumed, whose fate was tragical or suspicious; but none, I believe, that contradict the inference from this question. A few may be noticed in each of the two classes.

The first includes persons of known family, who suffered under arbitrary power for secret or disputed causes, or over whose fate some obscurity was supposed to hang. Of such were the "Duchess of Ahlden,"—wife to our George I.—and Augusta of Würtemberg (sister to Schiller's Duke Carl),—wife to the Prince of Thurn and Taxis—imprisoned, by her brother's order, about 1776: as to the causes of which order, and the manner of her death, sinister reports were current. (See Wrxall, *Hist. Mem.* i. 265.) In Russian annals two Princesses, both of Brunswick, have been named. One, Charlotte Christina, wife of the Czarewicz Alexis, killed by his ill-treatment, says the historians, in 1716; but who, as others relate, escaped, and lived for years in obscurity, as wife to a French gentleman. (See Zschokke's *Novelle, Die Prinzessin von Wolfenbüttel.*) Another was Augusta Caroline, daughter of the Duke who fell at Auerstädt, married to the Duke of Würtemberg (whose second wife was our George III.'s Princess Royal), and imprisoned by Catherine II.; her misfortune and subsequent death being to this day a theme of doubt.

To the second class belong adventuresses or pretenders. Such was the alleged daughter of Elizabeth of Russia, so-called Princess Tarakanoff; whose abduction from Italy, by Orloff, to a dungeon in Cronstadt, and death or murder there, Castéra relates in his *Vie de Catherine II. The Mémoires de Stephanie Leonie de Bourbon Conti*; (Paris, 1798). Goethe's *Natürliche Tochter*, gives the romance of another outcast of royal blood, which was, in reality the fabrication of a certain Me. Billet, née Delorme, whose life has been tracked throughout its whole course. (See *Delorme, Biogr. Universelle.*) A Madame Guachet appeared in Berlin and elsewhere some time after this book, and gave herself out as the heroine; but without success,—although she seems to have deceived Varhagen von Ense. (See his *Vermischte Schriften*, Bd. iii.)

In all such cases, however otherwise differing in their respective features, and without even insisting on the change that modern times have brought, it will be found that the observation in the text holds good. To all the victims of arbitrary power, its own hand is seen dealing punishment or restraint. Whenever the victims are of rank or consequence, the fact of their misfortune is notorious; it is to its hidden details that suspicion clings. And in no instance, of whatever class, will any thing be discovered analogous to the antecedents or conditions which, on this theory, must have existed in the Eishausen case.

more than a quarter of a century unquestioned? The very notion of a person of so much consequence in such high quarters implies relations, friends, partisans, whom her disappearance must alarm. What inquiries were heard of?—what search in such an affair could have been made that all Europe would not have heard of?—or had search been made, how, in these times, could it have been frustrated—I will not say for years, but for a few months, even,—and not by such a blind as this of Eishausen, which in many respects seemed to challenge notice;—but by any process whatever, in a day when power has lost its omnipotence, and publicity dogs its heels at every step it still can take? The fancy of a political victim of any class, still more of the first rank, being successfully kept out of sight, nay, even out of the reach of suspicion, as in the case before us, is a mere delusion. It melts into vapor the instant it is held up to the light, although it seems to have floated for some time in the obscurity of credulous brains.

Such are not wanting in Germany. Their conjectures pointed towards a Bourbon Princess; and seized on the slight hints, already mentioned, of the resemblance, noticed first at Ingelfingen, and later in Saxony, by separate persons; the lilies on the seal; the linen marked with a similar device, and the Count's wish to reserve that part of the wardrobe. Some would have made her, without regard to the known Duchess of Angoulême, a daughter of Louis XVI. Others found a key to the mystery in a paragraph said, on good authority,\* to have appeared in 1824 or 1825, in a Paris print; to the effect that "a long lost French Princess had been discovered in an obscure corner of Thuringia, although there might be reasons for refraining from inquiry on the subject;" the party, it was added, being supposed one of the Condés. No proof of the birth of any such princess, however, was adduced: nor why, if born, she need to have been imprisoned—or when "discovered," neglected by the Prince, who had not then as yet become a slave to Madame de Feucheres. It is hardly worth while to discuss such surmises; but it may be observed, as characteristic of their authors, that

the obvious historical objection to a French romance of this kind in any time was entirely passed over. Under the old *régime*, even, the Salic law, excluding females, protected princesses of the blood from the risks which might threaten heirs capable of a throne: while, under the Restoration, every genuine branch of the royal stock was at least sure of protection.

But what if the Count had hidden such a prize for purposes of his own? Might not a lover of inferior rank, who had inveigled an illustrious lady, fear to lose her if discovered, and be liable to punishment, into the bargain? This would really have been worth arguing, if any missing Princess could only have been heard of. Had there been such a *corpus delicti*, Germany was not the place in which to have buried it. It is impossible that the Court of Meiningen, which is known to have had its eyes fixed upon him, should have had no suspicion of the fact, and have respected the privacy of such a seducer, at the expense of something like a public defeat. Remember, too, that the party, before arriving here, had, for two or three years at least, been moving to and fro on the skirts of France, amidst swarms of *émigrés*, where detection was more certain than in any other region. In short, this supposition, though far less improbable, *per se*, than the State-prisoner theory, needs the support of fact, and fails for want of it.

There is another point, which it is curious to find unnoticed by German critics, who both take as authentic the letter shown by the Count, and believe in the report of what passed during his illness—the only instance in which the lady was known to have spoken in German; which, also, was the language of her letter. On this evidence, if admitted, it is scarcely possible to believe that the lady could have been French at all. The Count was master of that language, and her only companion; to no one else she either wrote or spoke. It is therefore incredible that, if a Frenchwoman, she could have used, still less learned a speaking and writing use of a foreign idiom. The Count was not likely to teach her a language for the practice of which he took care that no opportunity should be given; nay, had he been the gaoler that some fancied, he must, above all things have dreaded her acquiring it, as an instrument useful for communication and escape.

\* Reported by one who had been attached to the Würtemberg embassy in Paris. It may possibly have been intended for the *Madame Guachet* mentioned in a preceding note. She is known to have been at Weimar, and elsewhere in that region.

In this direction it is needless to seek further. That the Count's isolation cannot have been purely a matter of choice, whether from inclination or for reward, is, I think, sufficiently apparent. Was it, then, in one way or other, partly or absolutely forced upon him? What sort of compulsion is most likely under the circumstances? The pressure, if any, may have been either external—by force or fear of some imminent evil; or internal—from conscience, shame, or remorse, or the obligation of a vow.

On the latter class of motives,—all of which imply a moral complexion of which not a trace was seen in the vivacious, resolute character of the recluse, the decidedly "philosophic" tone of his opinions, and the luxuries of his table,—little stress can be laid. They could only be inferred, in the absence of outward signs, from a knowledge of previous circumstances as yet unknown; whatever weight may be assigned to them will depend on forthcoming disclosures. It will be believed that in all the conjectures ventilated on this head, the mysterious lady played a chief part; now as a nun stolen from the cloister; now as a maid or mother torn from her home;—nay, suggestions still more extreme were not wanting. Might not the face so carefully covered bear an infamous brand? and would not the rescue and shelter of one who had been seared by the executioner, justify the particular terms in which she thanks the friend "who had rescued her from great danger and misfortune"? It would truly have been an egregious piece of generosity in a rich accomplished man of the world to leave it for silence and solitude on behalf of a female so unfortunate. But are such men in the habit of choosing companions for life among the criminal class? How could such a choice require the Count to entrench himself, as well as the lady, within a labyrinth of precautions? Was such a possession one which others would be tempted to dispute? I will not recall the remarks of those who professed to have admired the lady's face while alive, or who saw it in the coffin, by the Count's express directions; nor dwell on the deference with which he always seemed to treat her. It is possible that those may have been mistaken who declared that, when the two were together, she seemed the superior being, and he,—the courtly imperious man,—no more than her

usher or servant. To discuss such guesses as this may be left to the wise men of Laputa.

I wonder that among so many strange surmises nothing was heard of a connection less able to bear the light of day than any of the above; that none of those attachments within forbidden degrees, too often commemorated in plays and poems,\* should have been here suggested among the possible "cases of conscience." But as nothing of the kind seems to have been hinted, while there is no visible ground for the imputation, its omission need not afflict us. It would, however, have been as well founded as many that were advanced; and might have answered better to some of the circumstances of the mystery.

In weighing the probabilities of external compulsion, there are two things to be especially borne in mind; the most certain, perhaps, of all that belong to the subject. The recluse was neither a faint-hearted nor a feeble-witted man. On the contrary, every thing about him bespeaks fire and determination: his port is bold, almost martial; his resolution in emergencies and general strength of will have been sufficiently shown. The clearness and practical force of his understanding we have also noticed. He excels in promptly finding the bearings of his position: informs himself, with a dispatch which is marvellous, all things considered, of whatever it suits him so know; takes an accurate measure of the persons and circumstances around him, and avails himself of this knowledge with such address, that he almost invariably carries his point. This is not a man to be driven by panic fear into extremities of any kind; not likely either to devote himself for life to an irrational object, or to miscalculate grossly the means of attaining a reasonable one.

If the pressure concerned him as principal, it must be sought either in political or in personal relations. In the one there might be reason of state or fear of persecution; in the other there is the single condition of danger from the law.

The notion of an important State secret was tempting to credulous people. Nor is it unnatural to presume a weighty cause where

\* *Lope's Castigo sin venganza*; Ford's *'Tis a Pity*, etc.; Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*; Racine's *Phèdre*; Alfieri's *Mirra*; Schiller's *Brant von Messina*; Walpole's *Mysterious Mother*; Dante's *Francesca*; Byron's *Parisina*; and others less famous.



striking effects are seen. The unexampled isolation, the display of wealth, the defiance of authorities, raised the tone of wonder, and encouraged fancies of illustrious misfortune and tragic acts of power. But whoever indulged in such ideas can only have fostered them by dreaming of the past, with eyes closed to the world of their own day. Of this enough has been said in a former paragraph; and it is needless to repeat what applies equally to all imaginary refugees of high descent in the nineteenth century.

The political theory advanced, on pretended authority, by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, will as little bear inspection. That the Count had been employed in public affairs, in some capacity which might have exposed him to the enmities and violences of the revolutionary period, was probable, if not certain; and flight or concealment during the paroxysms of party rage had been a resource too common to excite attention. But that time of danger was over long before the first appearance of the stranger in Thuringia; and no public man, whatever his share in the past troubles, could on that account have still been under the necessity of hiding himself, I will not say for years, but even for a moment. In one or the other part of Europe, according to the side he had taken, he was sure to find not only safety but sympathy; and the refugee, however hated or proscribed, who could evade instant pursuit, did not,—like La Fayette and some others who might be named as exceptions,—fall at once into enemies' hands, was never at a loss for an asylum, which the want of means only could render precarious. What "enmities" or "political combinations,"—the peril of which was so little urgent as to allow the Count in the first years of his Hegira to ramble to and fro without disturbance, and in some style, within a range far from extensive,—could at last become so alarming as to call, in 1810, for the singular precautions adopted at Eishausen, and to enjoin their continuance for years to come? Whatever danger there might have been at first, of a nature to make any disguise necessary, could not be lasting; yet the concealment in its full rigor seems to have only commenced at a period when all imminent risk must long have ceased. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, even, thinks that it must have ended at the close of the war. Admit that it lasted so long: what possible reason could then

prompt advice "from high quarters" to remain in durance? What weakness could induce the prisoner to follow it? And even had such counsel, and "painful recollections," prevailed over the natural desire of liberty, could they require all the artifices of exclusion to be maintained with as much strictness as before? Again, what, under such circumstances, could be the motive for bearding the Government some years later in a manner so offensive? Or is it credible that, had he been a political fugitive of such consequence as to have lived, for a short time, even, in fear of denunciation or attack, the authorities could have needed a description of the stranger from his own lips? that the object of such unexampled persecution should have disappeared from the public stage without one exclamation of surprise, one whisper of inquiry? The suggestion that none of these things need have been—but that fear may have magnified a slight temporary risk into a great and continuous peril,—has been answered already. On moral grounds it is as incredible as any other.

If not political danger, then, there may have been the danger of law. Something may be said for this conjecture, but far more against it. It would not be easy to reconcile the instincts of an offender hiding from justice, with the stranger's proceedings at Hildburghausen. It will be harder still to adjust such a theory to his subsequent conduct. The crime, too, must have been one the pursuit or disgrace of which was not to be avoided by flight from the country where it had been committed. The dilemma, therefore, is obvious. The offence was either notorious or secret. If such as to make it dangerous for the culprit to be seen in a foreign country, it must have been so because it was known there already or shortly afterwards. But here, for forty years at least, nothing of the kind was either heard of or suspected. If, on the other hand, it was undiscovered, or made so little noise as never to reach this quarter at all, silence was protection enough; and any show of hiding, especially a display of precautions apt to excite suspicion and provoke inquiry, would be the only possible hazard—a folly too extreme to be credible in any one not absolutely idiotic or insane, which the Count plainly was not.

This objection may excuse us from discussing the probability on moral grounds, which in

any such case are always uncertain. The most specious appearance may deceive; and no display of virtues—not the smoothest tenor of a long and exemplary life—can justify a conclusion that in such a character, crime, the most terrible and revolting, even, is impossible. I should therefore be loth to depend on any thing seen in the conduct or dispositions of the Count, as an argument against criminal imputations; although whatever has appeared of either bears no mark of a guilty conscience. We do see, however, in both, indications of a faculty which, had he been guilty, would, I think, have taught him to act in a way very different from that which he pursued. In that case, a man of his clear head and resolute nature would, if forced to hide at all, have done so without attracting notice; would not have been so forced but by some evident necessity, and would not have continued a day in hiding after it had once become apparent that there was no cause for alarm—no hue and cry, no suspicion anywhere within hearing. And it may be doubted whether an alien, conscious of crime, would have ventured to place himself, as we have seen, on two occasions, in an attitude of open defiance to the Government.

Thus every conjecture which pointed to the Count as the chief party concerned, failed as soon as a rational test was applied to the facts already known. Those who could not bring themselves to believe all this artifice, privation, and obstinacy the mere freak of a perverse imagination, without cause and without purpose, naturally turned their eyes in the direction of the lady. There, if at all, the solution of the mystery must be sought. But in that quarter, until some discovery should take place, all search would be in vain. Hitherto nothing whatever on which a reasonable guess could be founded, was known: and mere baseless surmises and castles in the air, which were raised with great industry on this vacant ground, need not detain us from listening to what the authorities have to tell us.

The result of their inquiries, after nearly three months' labor, is at length (June 2nd, 1845) made public. The particulars already given (Part I.) need not be repeated; for the rest, the notice concerning the so-called M. Vavel de Versay, goes on to declare that—

“His personal effects have been put under seal, and their value appraised at 15,100 florins (£1,250). From the papers found

amongst them, it results, almost beyond doubt, that the deceased's name was not Vavel de Versay, as he called himself (?), but Leonardus Cornelius van der Valck (thus the ‘*dear Ludwig*’ of the lady's letter vanishes into a misnomer), baptized in the Catholic Church at Amsterdam, on the 22nd September, 1769; parents, Adrianus van der Valck and Maria Johanna van Moorsch (a patrician family in that place, as it proved). Further, that ‘said Leonardus Cornelius had been; first, an officer in the French army; then for sometime secretary to the Dutch embassy at Paris, which office he ceased to hold in 1799; and on the 1st of June in that year, left Paris with a passport for Germany. Finally, it appears from his papers, that he continued until the period of his death in regular correspondence with his relations in Amsterdam.”

As to the unknown lady “who died in 1837,” etc. (as already quoted in Part I.) After the notice respecting her effects, and the arrangement by which they were left provisionally in deposit, by special request, it was further stated that “there were found among the papers of the aforesaid Vavel de Versay, etc., a series of letters by a female, written beyond doubt to the aforesaid Vavel de Versay, from Mans’ (Département de la Sarthe), “in the years 1798 and 1799, and subscribed “*Angès Berthelmy, née Daniels.*” The contents of these letters (written in French), taken in connection with other circumstances, admit of a presumption that the writer of the letters and the lady who did at Eishausen in 1837, may perhaps have been one and the same person. It is, however, observed that the designation of the deceased lady given (as already related) to the Pastor, under a pledge of concealment during Vavel de Versay's lifetime, and now laid before the authorities, was “*Sophie Botta,*” etc. (as we read in Part II.), “but whether truly or not, it has not so far been within our power to discover.”

Such was the whole fruit of the official scrutiny—for the present;—the advertisement for heirs and claimants, must however be allowed to take effect, before the significance of the result can be fairly estimated. A twelvemonth, it will be remembered, was granted for this purpose; and the notice widely advertised. Whatever is forthcoming will probably appear before the 30th of June, 1846.

The advertisement as to the “unknown lady” produced no cognizable effect whatever. The term arrived; and no one presented him

self to claim her personality, or to throw light on her identity with the "Angès de Berthelmy" of the correspondence. As to the latter, indeed, a further glimpse, and no more, was obtained, in the following note, "from Heidelberg," which was given in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Referring to the advertisement, it says:—

"It is true that a person whose maiden name was Daniels, married to one Berthelmy, was living in France at the close of last century. This lady, a native of Cologne (a Westphalian city), related to a noble family (Counts) of Foy in Paris, must at a later period have resided for some time with a relation, in what now is Rhenish Bavaria; where her daughter, probably still living, was married. The man Berthelmy is said to have been a general in the French service. Perhaps this communication, the truth of which may be depended upon, may assist in elucidating the subject more completely."

No new light, however, was gained from this or any other quarter; and the identity of the unknown lady is, to this moment, I believe, as dark as ever. The passages in the note marked in italics may be referred to hereafter; but first let us see what happened in the matter of "Leonardus Cornelius van der Valck." Here the public notice was not unanswered. Within the specified term there appeared, duly fortified with papers, and assisted by an attorney, a Mynheer van der Valek, of Amsterdam,—one of a flourishing merchant's firm in that city,—who preferred his claims as a relative of the deceased, and established it, as we are told, to the satisfaction of the authorities; at all events, so far as to obtain a judge's order for the delivery to him of the effects at Eishausen. The fiscal department, however, seems not to have partaken of the "satisfaction" above mentioned; for the transfer of the property was for some time withheld, and the minister of the King of Holland had to take the matter in hand before it could be obtained. The reluctance of the Treasury to part with the deposit will not be deemed merely vexatious, when it is known that the proof of identity by the Amsterdam claimant was any thing but complete. He admitted that neither he nor any other living Van der Valck had ever seen their supposed relation at Eishausen. They only knew him, therefore, by his letters. His reply to inquiries about the lady must also be noticed. He affirmed that the family knew

nothing whatever of the lady named in the advertisement, nor indeed had been previously aware of the existence of any such person at Eishausen. The letters, therefore, were not confidential.

This, then, is the outcome of the mystery, so far as it came out at all. How much does it disclose of what has hitherto lain concealed? What light is thrown on those doubts which give a marvellous tone to the subject? The previous dissection of these will now be found useful; since it has shown what the chief anomalies were, while it cleared the ground of inquiry from the mere shadows that obscured it. We have seen what are the real questions, on which are the strangeness and interest of the story depend—and can now judge how far these have found an answer.

The result was not a little disappointing to those who had been dreaming of romances in purple, illustrious state parties, and amateur revivals in the nineteenth century of *oublies* and *masques de fer*. All the halo with which fancies of this sort had crowned the mystery of Eishausen was of course blown away; and behind it, instead of a high tragedy figure, there appeared a substantial Dutch gentleman, whose history, so far as it was revealed, altogether fell short of heroic dimensions. Those, again, who had been listening for some hideous tale of guilt or misfortune, were not less apt to feel the announcement rapid and prosaic: and both seemed disposed to treat the affair as children do when they have broken a conjuring toy to discover its secret, and find nothing within but a few sticks and wires.

But to us the final sweeping off of what were already seen to be mere cobwebs, and the descent to bare prose of the mythic part of the story, by no means either destroys its interest or diminishes its obscurity. One was naturally anxious to know *who* it was that had played so unaccountable a part—and this question is in some measure answered. But the far more exciting inquiry was—*why* did he play it? And this, which is the central point of the enigma, remains as incomprehensible as ever.

As to the first of these questions, it has been observed that the identification of the supposed Vavel de Versay with a Leonardus Cornelius Van der Valck, whom none of his living relations had seen—who, it appears, had never been in Amsterdam at all since the

last decade of the eighteenth century—was far from perfect. It rested altogether on documents found in Eishausen, which might have been appropriated by a stranger; and on letters to the family referred to in those papers; which, also, might have been written by a usurper of the name of Van der Valck, after the death of the true owner, without discovery by the actual members of the family. The last authentic glimpse of Leonardus Cornelius is in the passport of 1799; from 1806 to 1845 the so-called Count Vaval de Versay, appears, we are now told, in his place: but between the two a link of positive evidence is wanting. It will be seen that the want of such a link is more serious than usual, where all else is doubt and disguise. We have the supposed Van der Valck for forty years bearing what, on this supposition, is a false name, refusing to show his papers, or otherwise disclose himself; studiously wearing a mask in all ways and on all occasions. Is it likely, one might ask, or consistent with such a life of mystery and mystification, that he should leave materials, to be found after his death, which must convict him of deception? Would not the borrowing of a name, for a purpose of substantial advantage, be at least a conceivable feature in such a system?

This, however, I only mention as one of the minor uncertainties in a case of no single part of which a sure hold can be taken. On the whole, it seems probable that "the Count" of Eishausen and the Van der Valck of the Embassy in Paris, were one and the same person. The antecedents of the latter were precisely such as would suit the figure exhibited in these pages; his descent from one of the merchant-princes of Amsterdam, insuring good education, and accounting for sumptuous and delicate habits; his service in the army, of which a martial bearing and a peremptory will showed the influence; the diplomatic career explaining his eager interest in politics, and his intimate knowledge of public affairs and men. All seem to correspond exactly; and there is nothing, in the personal traits at least, that presents any discrepancy. Those, indeed, whose notions of the Dutch are taken from vulgar jests and prejudices, and who have not either read their past history, or known them as they are at present, may deny that one so mercurial, courtly, and spirited, could have issued from Amsterdam; \* but to

such no rejoinder is necessary. As accessory proofs of origin, I note "the Count's" command of German, of which the Hollander speaks a dialect; and his fastidious love of cleanliness, peculiar to no other continental nation. The profuseness, too, with a dash of ostentation, belongs to the style of the wealthy merchant-lords of Amsterdam.

Well, then, having probably discovered who the recluse was, is the riddle any easier to read? Has the cause of his quarrel with the world become apparent? Is his relation to the mysterious lady of 1806, and his strange treatment of her, made clear by the love-letters from Mans in 1798? Is not, on the contrary, the explanation, on this partial disclosure, as difficult as ever? The glimmer of light just serves to make the general darkness visible.

The documents leave Van der Valck at the moment of his quitting Paris, in 1799; the correspondence with Amsterdam being, as we have seen, barren of information concerning the causes and circumstances of his retreat. That part of it which was preserved, at all events, seems to have contained mere communications on money matters; and the surviving members of the Van der Valck family must have known their kinsman in this relation only. We are therefore left quite at a loss for the reasons which can have induced Leonardus Cornelius, at the age of thirty, to retire from a position of some consequence; to renounce the enjoyment in the world of the liberal income he possessed, and the interesting connection he had made; and, after a few years of wandering, to shut himself up for life in a gloomy corner of Thuringia, self-condemned to privations more severe, in many respects, than even criminals have to endure. Nothing is heard of any quarrel, political or private, of implication in any conspiracy, or attachment to any proscribed party; there is no trace, in short, of misfortune, persecution, or crime. Indeed, there is proof to the contrary, as will be seen presently, in the offer made to him, while at Paris, of an advantageous marriage. The only thread of personal interest on which any suspicion can hang, is many readers. In this Dutch family liveliness and grace were hereditary. The second Earl is celebrated for these qualities by Chesterfield (Letter, May 27th, 1752); nor was he less admired in Paris for courtliness and profusion. It was on him that Lebrun wrote the epigram, *Dans un beau parc*, &c. (Lib. V.), one of the prettiest known, which celebrates his liberality as a gallant.

\* The name of Keppel will occur here to



est in some faded love-letters from Mans. To these, accordingly, as a forlorn hope, conjecture must turn. In his connection with the lady of Eishausen, the key to the mystery might, I believe, be found. But will those letters, ending in 1799, enable us to find it? Do they certainly belong to the same person?

The reporter to whom we have been indebted hitherto gives no details of their contents; and probably had not the opportunity of studying them. We must therefore have recourse to another, who not only has read them at his leisure,\* but who has, by these, and the other details already known to us, arrived, he thinks, at a solution of the whole mystery. This will be welcome, if true; and to some not the less so from the appalling sketch of selfishness and crime which it draws. He reads the report from which the preceding narrative is taken, and comments on it as follows:—

"The attempts to solve the riddle in a political way are not at all satisfactory. The intimations thrown out by the unknown are the less to be regarded the stronger were his motives for hiding himself in a mysterious darkness, and throwing inquiry on a false track. It is apparent in how fine-spun a web the cunning diplomatist was able to involve himself; how cleverly he mystifies the good folks both at Ingelfingen (where they style him *Monseigneur*) and at Hildburghausen, by hints of his acquaintance with grand personages. For the first time, after the death of his companion—his dread of detection being over, and his seclusion, as he himself said, thenceforth a voluntary one—he raises the mask now and then; and leaves behind him at his decease, no doubt with astute calculation, the key, not to the whole of his secret, but to the less damaging part of it—his baptismal certificate, namely, and the letters of his mistress. . . .

"From Paris he corresponds with Angès Berthelmy, *née* Daniels, by birth a German of

\* Probably an official person, as his access to the papers of which the Government took possession would imply; from the tone of his dissertation, one may guess, a *Criminal-Bath*, either full fledged or in the callow (probationary) state. It is the plea of an advocate intent on a conviction, and not nice as to the means. It will be seen how he deals with matters of fact, citing such only as make for his case, and omitting all that would contradict it. Thus he alternately treats Van der Valck as an utter deceiver, whose every word is false, and relies on him as a witness when any thing can be drawn from him to confirm the indictment. The value of the essay is, that it gives the particulars of the letters from Mans. These may be depended upon.

the Lower Rhine, who at the time had brothers living at Bonn, Zweibrücken, and Kaiserslautern. He had known and loved her before her marriage; but was prevented, most likely by his family from marrying her himself. She was the mother of an amiable daughter, who was her only consolation. Her husband, probably a soldier, had already in 1798, been living apart from her for four years; and left her in Mans (*Maine et Loire*),\* poor, and in a distressing position, watched by his family, from jealousy of the man whom he suspected she loved, and of whose letters and presents he was aware. He urges a divorce, which Angès resists, hoping for a change and reconciliation. Meanwhile, Van der Valck supports her from Paris; sends her daughter valuable presents; and seems to have besought her to fly with him to Germany. She is true to her marriage vow; resists, conjures him to forget her; dissuades him from taking refuge in solitude, which, in his despondency, he seems to have contemplated; and urges him to consent to a brilliant marriage offered him at the time.

"At last, hopeless of recalling Berthelmy, she appears willing to consent to a divorce, provided Berthelmy will settle an income on his daughter; thereupon she means to return to her relations in Germany. To this, it seems, the husband would not agree; and at last, in the autumn of 1799, she writes that she intends, in order to escape from her unpleasant position at Mans, to visit her brothers in Germany, with whom Van der Valck was in correspondence. At this point the letters cease.

"In Germany she appears to have found her former lover; and then, without having been legally separated from Berthelmy, to have *indissolubly united* (does this mean a second marriage?)† her lot with that of her benefactor.

"But they fear the vengeance of an offended husband in pursuit of wife and daughter; and in this alarm wander restlessly from place to place, until at length they find a safe retreat at Hildburghausen. Even there, however, Van der Valck is always on his guard; and his anxiety never ceases until the husband's death; of which he said—'Had one man died a little sooner, I should have returned to society; but now it is no longer worth my while.' It was probably the same man—of whose whereabouts it is certain that he kept himself constantly informed by paid agents (?)—who in 1813 came to Eishausen with Augereau's corps from Coburg, and of whom he afterwards said, 'At that time a man was here

\* A mistake. It is in *la Sarthe*.

† The words *unzerstrennlich verbunden* seem to allow no other meaning. Here remember the Count's declaration:—"She was not my wife," if this were the Lady of Eishausen.

who, had he seen me, would have decided my destiny.'

"There appears to be no doubt of the identity of the strangers of Ingelfingen with those of Eishausen. As for his companion at Ingelfingen in 1803, whom the simple Swabians took for a daughter of Louis XVI., who else could she be than his beloved Angès? To have passed either for his wife, or for Louis XVI.'s daughter, she must then have been between twenty and thirty.

"But the lady with whom he comes to Eishausen in 1810, is described by the few who saw her as a young beauty, of sixteen to eighteen at most! This cannot have been the same who accompanied him when at Ingelfingen many years before. From the letters there is no doubt that she must have been the younger copy of the once charming Angès; that daughter of whom the wrote, '*Jose le dire, elle est bien jolie*;' who then, in 1798, already forsaken by her father for four years past, would be about six, and consequently from seventeen to eighteen years old in 1810. The Baron's tenderness had been transferred from the mother to the daughter—who shall say to what extent? This was the '*poor orphan*,' as the unknown terms her after her death, on whom, in his own words, so many fine things had been '*forced*;' trained from infancy, as the letters prove, in sentiments of gratitude towards the unknown benefactor, concerning whom she was continually besieging her mother with questions. He had raised them both from poverty; overwhelmed them with costly presents; and may very likely have deceived them with the notion that for their sakes he retired from the world. Hence the tender expressions in the note shown to the Pastor's widow—to the '*beloved Ludwig*' (to her, too, he had assumed a false name, *perhaps represented himself as a Bourbon*),\* whose thousand sacrifices she could only repay by her attachment!

"This was the poor Mignon of the Eishausen prison-house, who, cut off from the world, remained throughout life a child in intellect; chained to her gaoler and tyrant by gratitude and habit; compensated for the loss of her liberty by sweetmeats and finery, ornaments and toys; amusing herself with hiding pieces of money in hundreds of little purses. Poor child! to whom cats were given for companions, instead of human beings. Such was the unhappy creature whom the valet, Philip, called '*poor*,' with nothing of her own, yet mistress of all,—at once mistress and slave. The only confidants of her complaints were the flowers and trees of the barred seraglio; even there she was watched

\* Impossible; as his station and circumstances were known to her mother during the correspondence from Mans.

by the lynx-eyed Van der Valck. In vain she seeks refuge with the young workman at the garden house—'Dear Schmidt, I so wish to speak to you!'—for the Count, in a fury, rushes out from the shrubbery and drags her away. In dumb despair she sees every attempt\* to procure succor, and escape from her golden chains, frustrated. . . . Van der Valck will never release his victim until compelled by the stronger hand of Death. . . .

"The body, still beautiful in death, is buried by torchlight in the stark November night in that solitary garden by the hill-side. No '*Sopha Botta, etc., fifty-eight years old*,' as the hoary diplomatist falsely described her; but a perfect well-preserved beauty of forty-five—the poor orphan of Mans, child of the fierce (?) Berthelmy and the ill-starred Angès Daniels;—murdered, not suddenly,—the cunning man ordered the coffin to be opened in proof of that—but slowly, by inches. She sank into the grave, untended and heart-broken.

"But where was her mother all this while? Had she left her daughter willingly or from compulsion? or had death separated them long ago? Had she not appeared at Ingelfingen at the side of the Count?

"It is true that he never was seen with more than one lady, veiled, or wearing green glasses. But in some of the journeys which he made while at Hildburghausen, might not a second, in the dusk of evening, unnoticed by the people of the house, have got out of the carriage, and been concealed in those apartments which even the confidential valet himself was scarcely permitted to enter? Might not both mother and daughter have accompanied the Count in the closed carriage to Eishausen? The grave is mute, and the witnesses can no longer speak; but '*though these are silent, the very stones shall cry out*.' And lo! there the old road-mender starts up from his pile of stones on the highway; an unsuspecting witness, whom the reporter terms '*a clear-headed, trustworthy man, who often saw the equipage go past him*.' This man repeatedly asserted that the Count had two ladies belonging to him, and said positively, '*The elder one drove out with him to day*;' or, '*To-day the young one was in the carriage*.'

"Did the reporter, who must have known what the letters contained (?), write those words without a thrill of suspicion passing over him? Who can say what the inner rooms of the castle might conceal? What may have taken place behind those curtains

\* No reliable evidence of such attempts appears. The story of young Schmidt is altogether improbable. She had opportunities, had she wished to use them, every day she walked in the close or drove to the garden near town.

always so closely drawn? No one but trusty Philip, the valet, the Count's confidant, could possess the secret; but he *must* have known it. What was it that lay so heavy on his conscience, which he would fain have confessed, yet dared not? What became of 'the elder lady?'—where did she expire?—where was she buried? The secret must be left to the silence of the tomb; the judgment to the All-seeing Eye.

"The Count was doubtless a distinguished man, of high spirit, and rarely accomplished; clear and piercing in intellect, rich in experience of the world; with diplomatic acuteness, iron tenacity of purpose, *deep feelings, and a warm heart*. The loss of his beloved had filled him with *bitter misanthropy* (?), and even while at Paris suggested a thought of retiring from the world. That he could renounce; but not the object of his affection. He becomes her benefactor, her defender against a severe husband,—at last he flies with her to an obscure corner of Germany. There he digs his cave, and fences it round;—he succeeds in cunningly defeating the prying curiosity of strangers, and the *search of the vindictive husband*; and misleads inquiry by investing himself with a cloud of political mystery. Safe in his concealment, he views from afar the busy world, and mocks at its troubles;—they are nothing to him—a philosopher—i.e., a French *philosophe*, an Epicurean, an Encyclopedist; one of Diderot's school. He possesses what he long has coveted; enjoys his good fortune in quiet; collects around him the greatest minds of civilized nations; by study of medicine makes himself independent of the physician; lives in the midst of all the luxuries and elegant products of the French capital, with a sumptuous table and the choicest wines. His companions are *two amiable women*—his first love and her blooming daughter: both, alike devoted, owe every thing to him; love, respect, fear him. This is his resignation of the world; agitated, no doubt, by constant fears of detection; but untroubled by scruples of conscience, which his proficiency as a French *philosophe* enables him to despise."

Such, we are invited to believe, is the substance of the recluse's history. I say the substance; because the writer discreetly leaves in shadow some of the accessories of his picture; *quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquat*. The details of murder and other iniquities, which he insinuates, it would indeed be not more easy to adjust than pleasant to describe. The sketch I have termed a piece of special pleading; a slight inspection will discover that it is no masterpiece.

It does not, indeed, want boldness. There is something original in the emphasis with which the accused is represented as a kind of lotos-eater, or rather hog of the Epicurean sty; wallowing in all that can make life pleasant to a voluptuary without a conscience;—an example of that eminently French golden rule of happiness—"a good digestion, a bad heart, and fifty thousand francs a year." This version of dumb, solitary confinement, in a poor, bleak country, with a wretched climate, of a life-long, monotonous penance, varied only by grave studies, and assiduous charity—would alone give a sufficient measure of the advocate's fairness. But it shall be tested in a more stringent manner.

His view of the Eishausen interior is taken from two positive assumptions:—of a vindictive pursuit by the husband Berthelmy; of the presence in the "*seraglio*" of *two females*, mother and daughter. Unless both these circumstances can be proved, the whole composition vanishes.

On what ground must we suppose an elopement on the wife's part, and on the husband's the resolution, only relaxed by death, to follow and punish her seducer? Certainly not from the letters. In the relation which they exhibit, what need could there be of flight? whence could arise the danger which we are to fancy suspended for years over the heads of the fugitive couple? We find the husband, on the contrary, only too anxious to be rid of his Angès. He presses for a divorce—a process easy and fashionable in those republican times. It is the wife who demurs—hoping, it is said, to regain her husband's love; intent, it rather appears, on a money settlement for her child. How could a woman, on the eve of eloping with her lover, desire a reconciliation with the man she was anxious to forsake? Why, if so, refuse a divorce which would leave her free to go whither and with whomsoever she liked? And why stickle on a point of money at the moment when she is wooed by a wealthy lover, ready to marry her the instant she is free? Are we to understand that this bribe was asked, solely because the mother was prepared to abandon her child, as well? Even on this monstrous inference—which, moreover, would not suit the advocate's story at all—the lady's flight, the husband's apprehended vengeance,—all the essentials of this romance, in fact

are seen to be incredible, if "the Count's" companion was the Angès Berthelmy of the letters.

Had the husband—an officer in the French service, whom we have seen only wanting to cast off his wife—suddenly changed his mind, and never ceased to pursue her afterwards while he lived—for this is the gist of the intention—had this, I say, been the case, how easily could the rich Van der Valck have carried his prize beyond the reach of capture, instead of cowering in perpetual alarm in a place always exposed to visits from France! Would not an asylum more distant and safe have been chosen, had the sole object been the undisturbed possession of his mistress? In England, for instance, the fugitives would have been perfectly secure; and that without one of the privations by which security was purchased at Eishausen. Can it be believed that a man "clear and piercing in intellect," should have resorted to those trying precautions, when he could easily have gained many places of refuge where he might have lived, openly and without fear, in the enjoyment of all that was denied at Eishausen.

The "seraglio," we are told, consisted of Angès and her daughter; and this is proved, first, by comparing the age which the former must have reached in 1799, with the supposed youth of the lady as seen in 1806; secondly, by the assertion of the old road-member, that he had seen *two* females at different times in the carriage. This testimony, the sole evidence for the accusation, is, as I observed when reporting it, of the very slightest value; it would hardly be worth weighing, even if uncontradicted. But as to the child of Angès Berthelmy,—the only conceivable heroine of such a tragedy,—it is directly confuted by evidence at least as good as the other. The letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* affirming that the daughter was married, and still alive in Rhenish Bavaria, may fairly be allowed more credit than an odious imputation based on nothing but the casual view of a purblind old man. The accuracy of that letter is confirmed by its coincidence with what afterwards came out in the letter from Mans—namely, that Angès had brothers living in Zweibrücken and Kaiserslautern,—both in the region named by the writer from Heidelberg,—whither Angès, on leaving France, was bound; and where, it may be presumed, her daughter,

if not herself also, found a home with those near relations.

The romance of the daughter being thus exploded, the counsel's argument on the point of age, if valid at all, goes near to extinguish the mother as well. So little was seen of the lady at Hildburghausen, that the guesses of the public cannot be much relied on; but it is certain that all who saw her there, or in the first days at Eishausen, agreed in describing her as a girl in her teens; and unless all were mistaken this cannot have been the Angès Berthelmy, whose age, it is rightly inferred, must have been between twenty and thirty in 1803. So that on the whole, it may at least be doubted whether the lady of Eishausen was not a different person altogether, and unknown to us otherwise; her identity with the writer of the love-letters from Mans being no less questionable than every other point of this curious story.

The indictment having thus failed on its two cardinal points, it need not much concern us to ask how the pleader's account of Van der Valck agrees with what we know of his habits and disposition; how it agrees with his own description of the recluse, as a "man of deep feelings and warm heart," qualities not very consistent with a story the bases of which are rank selfishness and guile, and its incidents incest and murder. To pursue such a tale as he has devised through its inevitable sequence of horrors and abominations, "concealed in the inner chambers of Eishausen," is fortunately unnecessary. The premises being proved false, the system of cruelty, baseness, and depravity raised upon them sinks at once into a mere chaos of fiction.

But even had the libellous part been spared, and the Epicurean view only of the retreat at Eishausen displayed, one might have asked if a theory of that kind were credible? Let the indulgences, such as they were, be heightened to the utmost, and weighed against the terrible loss of liberty, speech, and society,—can any one imagine the prevailing result such as a voluptuary would choose? Had Van der Valck been the selfish Sybarite of this caricature, would his constancy to a single object of passion have induced him to bear all this for her sake, not for days, but for years? Would an Epicurean, if willing to remain a prisoner on such terms in his "seraglio," have sought no change of company there dur-



ing half a life-time?—never have betrayed the slightest wandering of fancy in a direction where, of all others, the caprice of self-indulgence is most fickle and fastidious? I will not dwell on other parts of his domestic life, his early hours, his restless industry, and love of intellectual labor; on the stubborn force of his resolution, on the flowing vein of his bounties—all irreconcilable with the character of a mere voluptuary. It is sufficient to point to the fact that his connection with the lady, of whatever nature it was—and even this is uncertain—that his friendship, love, or self-devotion to a single object through years of entire seclusion, only ended with her life,—as decisive against the Epicurean view of the question.

What was he, then?—what was the nature of his secret, the motive of his extraordinary resolution, the occasion of his still more extraordinary persistence in it? These questions may be repeated at the end, as they were raised at the beginning of the inquiry. They have found as yet no intelligible answer. The disclosures which seemed to promise something have merely given new names to the actors in a dim scene, with some shreds of an earlier date loosely hanging to them; but the moral of the mystery in which they have been engaged these forty years—the development, material or mental, of its origin and progress;—nay, even the mere description in terms of the enigma which it involves, so far as any distinct or coherent representation goes, is yet to be sought. This alone, independently of many minor features in themselves curious and problematical, gives the story, as I have said, a tone of the marvellous, probably without a parallel in any other, comprising so long a series of incidents, subject for years to the inquisition of modern society. The facts, some of them plain and tangible, others half-seen and mysterious, lie interspersed with the common things of to-day: their meaning, in whatever way we take them up, is as fast locked as an enchanted castle in a middle-age legend. It seems strange that the key should be lost; yet that any of those hitherto tried should be found the right one, would be hardly less surprising.

I have so far confined myself to a summary of the details of which evidence exists, and to the analysis of what may be suggested to account for them. In concluding, some opinion of my own may be looked for; and this

would be given without reserve, had any of the various conjectures that have occurred to me during the process brought conviction to my own mind. But here, as with the attempts of others. I have found that however apt a given version may be to one set of traits or incidents, it proves unfit or absurd when applied to the rest. If an opening which seems to throw light on some features of the case only left the others in darkness, it would be of no real service. But the peculiarity of this subject is, that whatever explanation you try is not only limited as to the number of incidents it will suit, but directly at variance with others of equal weight. So that all efforts made to untie the knot merely leave it more intricate than before.

As to matters of fact, even, our information is doubtful on most of the cardinal points. There is perhaps but one which we are nearly sure of—namely, that the Vavel de Versay of Eishausen was the Van der Valck of the Embassy in Paris. That his companion was Angèle Berthelmy of the love-letters, is much less certain; although the balance of probability inclines that way. The precise relation in which they stood to each other is unknown. But on the whole, it seems probable that it was of the most intimate kind; although much might be urged to the contrary. It must not be forgotten that, throughout the lady's seclusion, she had no attendant in her chamber but Van der Valck. This—rejecting the idea of a cynical rudeness, which everything else contradicts—seems conclusive as to the nature of their connection. That it was, on both sides, the fruit of a passion no less deep and engrossing in its essence than strange in its effects, can hardly be doubted, if we admit the previous supposition.

Beyond these bare outlines, themselves rather probable than positive, all, so far as I can see—in acts no less than in motives—is ambiguous, incoherent, unaccountable, or contradictory; as if the actors were indeed “of the stuff that dreams are made of.”

The evidence taken in the case was collected and published seven years since, under the sanction of the well-known historian Bülow, in whose *Anthology of curious anecdotes*\* it must have been widely circulated. The compiler then indulged the natural hope that by

\* *Geheime Geschichten und räthselhafte Menschen*, etc., Bd. iv. Leipzig. 1852.

this means further information would be elicited, and a clue found to unravel the mystery. I too have waited for some time, not without expectation of a new light on the matter, before committing it to writing. Of Van der Valk's contemporaries some who knew him before he left the world might still survive, and be induced to contribute notices of his early career. The busy correspondence which he kept up, for many years at least, in his retreat, must have left traces of a later period, which public curiosity might yet recover. But so far as I can learn, nothing of either kind has transpired; and unless chance should hereafter open an unexpected vein, the evidence in the case seems to be closed.

Should this conclusion be final, the recluse will have virtually maintained his post, what-

ever its purpose may have been, against the attacks of all comers. For the present he stalks from the field with his visor down; retiring to the shadow of the tomb, preceded by the silent lady whose veil no living hand has been suffered to raise. In this posture—until his secret can be challenged on some new ground—he disappears from the province of criticism; what may be seen of him in this dim sketch being, meanwhile, simply commended to lovers of the marvellous, as a veritable apparition of the wonderful in the dress of our own day; attested by material evidence, opposed to every moral probability,—a prodigy, in short, made up of ordinary things, which it is all but impossible either to doubt or to believe.

I. R. C.

**DUCAL COURTESY.**—Pride of birth will often lead a man to err on the side of stateliness, and so militate against blandness and courtesy. One of the strongest examples that can well be given is the late Mr. Huddlestone, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, and consequently entitled to take precedence of all, including the proudest nobles, who did not equally partake of the blood-royal of the Hep-tarchy. Some of this excellent person's evidences bore a strong resemblance to those of the Scotchman who, in proof of his own descent from the Admirable Creighton, was wont to produce an ancient shirt marked "A. C." in the tail, preserved, he said, as an heirloom by the family; but Mr. Huddlestone's pedigree was admitted, and *Huddlestone* allowed to be an undeniable corruption of *Athelstane*, by many of the most distinguished amateur-readers of Gwyllim; amongst others, by a former Duke of Norfolk, who was sufficiently tenacious on such points. These two originals often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees, and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet: "Never," he hiccupped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddlestone was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard." "Well, then, my good old friend,"

said the good-natured duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddlestone, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world;" so saying, the duke also took his place upon the floor.—*Titan*.

*The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser; with a Memoir and Critical Dissertations.* By the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: J. Nichol. London: J. Nisbet and Co).

A PERFECT collection of the works of the bard of the "Faerie Queene," will be a most valuable addition to Mr. Gilfillan's excellent collection of British poets. It will be included in five volumes, of which this is the first. After some general observations touching the poems themselves, Mr. Gilfillan explains the mode which he has adopted in editing them, with a view to rendering them more intelligible to the great body of readers. For this purpose he has adopted the modern system of spelling antiquated words, and has struck out all redundant vowels. Obsolete words are of course retained, and explanations of them are set in the margin. With regard to the question of orthography, Mr. Gilfillan does not need to be told that the preservation of the old spelling in some at least of the editions of Spenser is necessary to those who wish to study the progress of the language. For a popular edition, however, we think that Mr. Gilfillan's plan is an improvement.—*Critic*.

From The Economist.

*Journal of the Reign of King George the Third from the Year 1771 to 1783.* By Horace Walpole. Edited, with Notes, by D. Doran. Richard Bentley.

HORACE WALPOLE, towards the close of these "last Journals," tells us that his object in continuing in this form his "Memoirs of the reign of George the Third," was to preserve certain passages less known and to aid future historians; not intending the journalist part for any other use." He could hardly have better described what his Journals do not effect; they have little historical value and they are extremely entertaining. The "certain passages less known" are not very important to be known; and cast no new lights upon points of more consequence than the secret history of an intrigue, the current version of a Court scandal, or, at most, the private influences that contributed to the rise or fall of a minister. Their real value lies rather in the vivid impression the "Journalist part" gives us of the manners of the time in which they were written; the photographic process by which the writer has fixed for our edification the shifting scenes of the motley group he looked down upon from his would-be philosophical retirement.

In shrewdness and penetration into character, in the power of compressing the pith of a parliamentary debate, the substance of the speeches and peculiar characteristics of the several speakers into a few brilliant sentences, these Journals are scarcely, if at all, inferior to the Memoirs; but they are, we think, less lively and amusing, less neat and compact in style, and more given to magnifying small events into undue importance. It would seem as if that clear but narrow vision had more and more contracted itself to a microscopic inspection of the littlenesses of human nature; the intrigues and counter-intrigues, the family grudges, political animosities, and personal ambitions, that form the under-current of public life, to the almost entire exclusion of wider views and worthier aims; so that an age, in itself dissolute and corrupt, shows all its corruption, and little of the heaven of good which was in reality working within it, when seen through the spectacles of the keen-witted, prejudiced man of the world. To him Dr. Johnson was only a "venal writer," an "old decrepit hireling,"

a "flagrant Jacobite;" Wesley a "hypocrite," an "artful patriarch of the Methodists, hoping probably for a bishopric or deanery;" and he sums up his opinion of the nation in these words:—

"These nators were impudently corrupt, and prompt to accord whatever could be asked of them in return for their wages. The Church was prostituted to the most shameless pitch. The bishops had voted for Popery and massacres, and the rest of the clergy panted for arbitrary power in the Crown as a step towards re-establishment of their own tyranny. The country gentlemen were led by the clergy, and fools enough to expect to tyrannize over the inferior orders if the Crown was aggrandized, not having sense or knowledge enough to be sure of a most indubitable truth; viz., that there is nowhere upon the earth, in any arbitrary government, such an order of beings as independent country gentlemen. The Law, at least all of the profession that hoped for preferment from the Court, were devoted to it, and knew that Lord Mansfield held the *feuille de bénéfices* in that line. The dissenters, by the inflexibility of the Court and bishops in not relaxing the penal statutes against them, and who, ever since the commencement of the American war had been stigmatized by the Tories as Republicans, could but know that they had nothing to expect but persecution if the king became arbitrary, were yet kept quiet by pensions to their chiefs, or desponded from the neglect of the Opposition; Sir George Saville himself having moved for toleration for the Papists, and Burke, a chief leader, having opposed indulgence to the Dissenters. The Army's principles naturally led them to devotion to the Court, and the Navy had hitherto not betrayed different sentiments: but as seamen, by the element they live on, are less exposed to the corruptions of the world, those simple men, on the persecution of Keppel, discovered a manly integrity that startled the Court, and revived some hopes in the friends of the constitution that the genuine guardians of our country and liberty were not lost to all English sentiments."

The moral condition of the nation as painted in these pages is not more flattering. Ignorance, bigotry, and discontent in the lower classes, breaking out ever and again into riots: unbounded license of the Press, which, mocking at the restraints of truth and decency, made its friends "tremble lest they should lose the benefit of it by the excess of the abuse:" luxury, extravagance, and reckless dissipation in the upper classes; an unexampled venality in the Legislature, so

that even on the floor of the House of Commons, a member deprecating the opposition of Government to the bill for select committees upon the validity of election, ironically asked the minister if he would not "still possess the means of winning the affections of members after they were chosen;" a Court whose respectability alone could at that time lay any claim to the affection of the people, a claim quite overbalanced by the love of arbitrary power that had plunged the nation into a civil war as discreditable in its origin, as it was ignominious in its close:—all these combined, form a picture dark enough, and one from which Walpole turns fondly to those "our happiest days," the ministry of his father Sir Robert in the reign of George the Second.

It is interesting to note the change that less than a century has made in the whole tone of society; not unaccompanied, we would hope, by a more radical change beneath. We can scarcely believe that one not extraordinarily long life might link us to a time when members in debate taunted one another with their notorious vices, and were sometimes with difficulty restrained from leaving the house to settle the quarrel with the sword; when English nobility and foreign ambassadors dealt in smuggling on a large scale, and kept "warehouses of contraband goods;" when the young men of fashion joined the mob in breaking the windows of unpopular ministers, and, dressed in straw hats trimmed with flowers, crowded round the gaming-tables night after night. We must give this picture in Horace Walpole's own words:—

"As the gaming and extravagance of the young men of quality was now arrived at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it. They had a club at one Almack's in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of fifty pounds each rouleau, and generally there was £10,000 in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above £20,000 for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamblers, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze greatcoats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as worn by footmen when they clean the knives) to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad

brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at Quinze. Each gambler had a small neat stand by him with a large rim, to hold their tea, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu to hold their rouleaus. They borrowed great sums of Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outer room where those Jews waited till he rose the *Jerusalem Chamber*. His brother Stephen was enormously fat; George Selwyn said he 'was in the right to deal with Shylocks as he could give them pounds of flesh.' 'In three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five lost £32,000.'

The war with America is of course the chief topic of these Journals; only second in importance comes the marriage of the King's favorite brother, the Duke of Gloucester, to Lady Waldegrave. All the ins and outs of this romantic story are followed with vivid minuteness, and form the most amusing part of the book; for Walpole is great in gossip. It is especially amusing to see the part taken in this affair by the cautious veteran in politics, whose pride it is to scorn all Court favor, but who is not so indifferent as he would seem to the honor of the alliance, the charms of power, and the pleasure of a secret intrigue. His first resolution in learning the truth of what he had long suspected, was "To act as neutral a part as I could, and at once decline all share in the honors or disgrace of my niece. This was a conduct, I own, more prudent than affectionate or heroic, but I was cured of sacrificing myself for others. I had done with the world, and wished to pass in tranquillity the remainder of a turbulent life, in which I had given proofs enough of spirit and disinterestedness." The ties of relationship and dislike to the King, whose character does not shine in the affair of his brother's marriage, soon overcame this prudent reserve, and Horace Walpole took a lively interest in all the trials of the much-harassed couple. He inveighs in no measured terms against the selfish policy and cold-heartedness of the King, who hastened on the Royal Marriage Act to entrap his secretly married brother, refused for some time to acknowledge the validity of the marriage, and for six years kept up a perpetual petty persecution that brought the Duke, through anger, mortification, and anxiety, to the brink of the grave. It was only when at last the King was told in urgent terms that "he had not



a moment to lose if he had a wish to preserve his brother," that he sent him a cold and unwilling forgiveness.

Two or three anecdotes tend to confirm Walpole's view of the cold selfishness of the King's nature. His aunt, the Princess Amelia, told him that one day when he was a boy "having done something to please him the Princess Dowager said to her, 'Madam, you are very good to my children; but, madam, if you were to lay down your life for George, George would not be obliged to you.' George's opinion of his mother would not seem to have been much higher than hers of him. In a conversation between Walpole and the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Dowager chancing to be mentioned, the Duke said:—"Perhaps you think the King loved my mother. I assure you he did not, and I will give you a proof. The very day the Queen arrived, three hours afterwards, when she was gone to be dressed for the wedding, I was left alone with the King, and he told me he had already given her a caution never to be alone with my mother, for she was an artful woman, and would try to govern her. Think of his saying this to a girl of fifteen the very moment he saw her."

His love for his favorite brother was once expressed in an equally curious manner:—

"A few years before, the humor in their blood had fallen on the Duke's arm, and the physician had thought it necessary for it to be cut off, but the humor dispersing itself suddenly, and the Duke recovering, the first moment he was able to visit the King, His Majesty only stared on his 'favorite brother,' and said coolly 'I thought you had lost your arm.'"

We fancy the reader has had nearly enough of the graceless youth of the Prince of Wales; if not, he will find fresh instances in this second volume of the deplorable results of a well-meant but injudicious education. We will content ourselves here with two extracts that have a comic touch in them to relieve a dark portrait:—

"Nothing could equal the King's attention to seclude his son, and protract his nonage. It went so absurdly far, that he was made to wear a shirt with a frilled collar like that of babies. (He was at the time turned of fourteen.) He one day took hold of his collar and said to a domestic, 'See how I am treated.'

Four years afterwards he turned the tables completely on his father, who complained to the Duke of Gloucester of his undutiful conduct, and of the behaviour of the Duke of Cumberland.

"'When we hunt together,' said the King, 'neither my son nor my brother speak to me, and lately, when the chase ended at a little village where there was but a single post-chaise to be hired, my son and brother got into it and drove to London, leaving me to go home in a cart if I could find one.' He added that when at Windsor, where he always dined at three, and in town at four, if he asked the Prince to dine with him, he always came at four at Windsor and in town at five, and all the servants saw the father waiting an hour for the son. That since the Court has come to town the Duke of Cumberland carried the Prince to the lowest places of debauchery where they got dead drunk, and were often carried home in that condition. 'I wonder,' said the Duke, 'your Majesty bears all this.' 'What would you have me do,' said the King, 'in my present distress? If I do not bear it, it would drive my son into opposition which would increase my distresses.' The Duke said to me, 'I know the King's faults; I do not forget his treatment of me; but I must pity him for being so ill used by a son.'"

Walpole's party feelings are too strong for him to be impartial in his judgments of men of opposite views. He himself, towards the close of his *Journal* owns that from his own passions he may have exaggerated faults. And it is necessary to keep some such air-tube for charity to breathe through, as we go down with him into the depths of meanness, duplicity, and selfishness he delights to fathom. Here is a slight specimen, Lord Chatham and Lord Temple have for the moment united:—

On the third reading of the bill for providing quarters for the officers and troops in North America, the two languid chiefs, worn out in constitution and fame, accordingly made their appearance. Lord Temple spoke with animosity, but threw in two palliatives in compliment to Lord Chatham, neither of which were fully true, and which I shall mention presently. Lord Chatham, who was a comedian even to his dress, to excuse his late absence by visible tokens of the gout, had his legs wrapped in black velvet boots, and, as if in mourning for the King of France, he leaned on a crutch covered with black likewise. He made a long, feeble harangue, in which on one side he blamed the violence of the Bostonians, and on the other, every step that had provoked them or been taken to

chastise them. He talked high for the sovereignty of this country, but condemned the taxes; the result of all which he meant to insinuate was, that he alone could assert the authority of England and compose the differences in America."

"Lord Chatham himself explained the collusion between him and Lord Temple to my cousin Thomas Walpole, who was much connected with Lord Camden, and made Lord Chatham a visit two days afterwards. He found him in bed with affected fatigue or gout, and described to me the masquerade in which he found him, and which spoke that pride and madness which had reigned so strongly in his last administration. He was sitting up in bed with a satin eider-down quilt on his feet. He wore a duffle cloak, without arms, bordered with a broad purple lace. On his head he had a nightcap, and over that a hat with a broad brim flapped all round. It was difficult not to smile at a figure whose meagre jaws and uncouth habiliments recalled Don Quixote when he received the Duenna to an audience after he had been beaten and bruised and was wrapped up in serecloths. Pretending to Walpole to adhere to his favorable sentiments towards the Americans, he said he had been comforted to hear Lord Temple had said too in the House of Lords that Mr. George Grenville had first proposed to make a requisition to the Americans. Both were fallacies on both sides. Lord Temple had dropped these declarations as a seeming approach to Lord Chatham. They were nothing but words settled between them—a shallow contrivance that Lord Chatham, if restored, might pretend to begin with a requisition of taxes to save their credit, and then to tax them whether they yielded or refused. But Lord Temple had never formally approved the Stamp Act; but had he not embraced all the violences of his brother on that subject? had he not joined him in the repeal? did he not vote against the repeal? had he not acted ever since, was he not acting now on the same plan? What wretched evasions, and what liars are politicians!"

Further on, in 1781, we have the first appearance in the political world of "Mr. William Pitt, second son of the great Lord Chatham," who "made a most shining figure in

opposition," and shortly after the following comparison between him and his future rival, Fox:—

"Young as Fox was, Pitt was then ten years younger, and what a fund of knowledge and experience were ten years in possession of such a master-genius as Fox, beside the prodigious superiority of solid parts! Yet Fox left by neglect some advantages to Pitt. The one trusted to his natural abilities, and whenever he wanted, never found them fail; Pitt, on the contrary, attended to nothing but the means of gratifying his ambition. His application was not a moment relaxed, and he was not less abstemious and temperate; even attention to his health was unremitting, as if he feared that hereditary gout would traverse his career, as it had often broken in on his father's. No juvenile avocations diverted him from his studies, nor left reproaches from the grave on his character. Fox seemed to leave pleasure with regret, and to bestow only spare moments on the government of a nation; Pitt, to make industry and virtue the ladders of his ambition, Fox's greatness was innate; and if he had ambition, it was the only passion which he took no pains to gratify. He disguised no vice, he used no art, he despised application he sought no popularity; a warm friend and almost incapable of being provoked by one; void of all inveteracy, and only an enemy where spirit called on him to resent, or the foe was so great that he was too bold not to punish as he showed the next year by insisting on the dismissal of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Advocate. Pitt cultivated friends to form a party, and had already attached many considerable young men to himself.

We had marked other passages for extraction, but we must refrain. Enough has been given to show that the old spirit still animates these last Journals from the sprightly and prolific pen of Horace Walpole. The edition is well and carefully got up; but the notes, especially to the second volume, are neither so numerous nor so illustrative as might have been expected from Dr. Doran's familiarity with the times of the earlier Hanoverian kings.

From Household Words.

# MATCH-MAKING MAJESTY.

THE negotiations for a certain Franco-Piedmontese marriage, held to be a fore-runner of mischief, were opened last summer at Plombières, in a small château that has a beautiful garden. The frontage of this residence borders a narrow street; the windows of the drawing-rooms are at the back, and look over the shady garden to some hills which rise abruptly out from the road leading to the Val d'Ajol. There is nothing to disturb the repose of the scene. The trees, rich in foliage, are musical with singing birds; the rippling of the mountain streams blend with the rustle of the summer air, and a sweet odor of natural flowers floats from the hill-sides. There is little traffic in the streets seen through the wide entrance gateway. Every thing would tell of peace, but for the ring of arms within the great court-yard where soldiers, fully accoutred, are continually on the alert. Two sentries are on the upper road above the garden, keeping keen watch upon certain windows shaded with red and white awnings. They open upon a balcony. Lower down a fierce sapper, "bearded like the pard," stands to ward all men off a railed pavement whence they may behold the majesty of France taking the air in the valley. His Majesty is not on horseback, nor in uniform.

It is treasonable to tell how the Emperor looks at Plombières, divested of external pomp? He is grizzled, cadaverous, and lame in the left hip, and labors to conceal that last defect. His walk is awkward. He turns out his toes, and leans heavily on the strong stick he carries in his well-gloved hand. He is carefully dressed; but, though his coat fits him very accurately, he has nothing of the air of a perfectly dressed man. His figure is not improved by the cuirass which his coat will not conceal. Every step he takes is studied, while his eye scans every passer-by with a look which has something uncanny in its expression.

In that small salon looking over the breezy garden, one hot summer's day last year, the Princess Clotilde of Sardinia was marked for marriage. She is married now.

The world hears that her husband is the image of the First Napoleon. He is certainly wonderfully like the portraits of his uncle, but (I am a woman and am critical upon out-sides of men) cast in a coarser mould. He is

a large, loose, and yellow edition of that "little corporal." He is short-sighted, and screws his glass in his eye in a way that does not improve the expression of his heavy, passionless face. He speaks in an abrupt tone. They say he imitates the great Napoleon. He is clever; and, though wary enough to avoid the schemes that occasionally beset him, he has, I believe less of the intriguer about him than most Bonapartes; except his father, who keeps to his path, and is much respected.

What the French Emperor's views were, last July, when he and the Sardinian envoy closed the bargain in the summer parlor at Plombières, it is not my purpose to discuss; but, as this little town in the Vosges has been, and probably will be, the scene of many a memorable compact and wily debate, and as it lies in a department of France little known to English travellers at this moment as an Imperial retreat, let me describe the place.

The Vosges, called the Switzerland of France, lies among wooded mountains and calm, shadowy lakes famous for trout. In a gorge of these mountain passes the Roman Legions one day halted; and, finding it a pleasant place, bivouacked on the spot, and cast about them, as they always did, for water-springs. They found not only these, but the warm fountains over which they built their bathing-chambers; the remains of which are the foundation of the famous baths of Plombières. King Stanislaus improved upon them, and the Emperor Louis Napoleon is likely to perfect them.

As the railway has not yet penetrated the Vosges beyond Epinal, a little south of Nancy (an old town lying off the Strasbourg line) we approach Plombières by a carriage route passing through picturesque valleys watered by the blue Moselle, that useful stream which yields the finest fish of its kind in the world, and turns the wheels of many a mill and factory. It makes a pleasant murmur in the deep retired nooks of this Gallic Switzerland, and washes the base of many a steep crowned with the ruins of old castles. The mill and factory are not so pretty as these ruins; but the people look the happier for them; working in their cottage gardens, plying their nets in the streams, or singing as they sit picking cotton under the trees. We dip suddenly into the gorge where the Roman

soldiers rested on their arms two thousand years ago. Folks from the Rhine (German foresters) were here before them, having crossed Alsace, and traversed the mountain barrier, which even now is difficult of access.

Plombières has preserved its ancient look. It was on a glowing day that I first saw it, and the place was then put into gala-dress in honor of the recent *entrée* of Napoleon, who is its patron saint just now. Streams of red, white, blue, and amber calico fluttered from windows of gray granite houses; and the waving of the brilliant tricolor had a striking effect in the shade of the hills which rise abruptly on each side of the town. These hills are almost covered with fir-trees, from among which there jut out massive crags of a dark granite embedded in ferns and grasses.

A noble promenade canopied with stately trees, lies on the left as one enters the town from Nemoremont. In this promenade mass was performed last July, at altars built under the trees, and Louis Napoleon performed his devotions with the people. We saw workmen in the avenue, improving and embellishing, and we could hear the ring of chisel, pick-axe—every implement of masonry in the town. It contains now only two tolerable streets branching Y-fashion from the entrance. New baths are in course of construction. Those built over the Roman foundations are in the centre of the town. A cluster of tricolored streamers waved over the heads of the workmen busy there. We passed on to some terraces that had been newly laid out, and from these looked down upon the little valley in which groups of men wearing blue blouses were at work, making an ornamental garden à la Anglaise. This garden is one of the Emperor's hobbies. He has bought the ground, and enjoys the business of laying out the lawns and shrubberies. He has had some paths cut in the windings of the hills which shade the spot. They lead to a pavilion under a fragrant grove of firs, from which he can superintend his garden and enjoy the landscape.

It is said that the smell of these fir-trees is an antidote to cholera. One may believe it when there comes upon the morning breeze the most delicious odor of the woods. We were revelling in the soft air redolent of health, when we were told that the Emperor was within but a few yards of us.

In the bend of the hill, and under one of the groves, stood three gentlemen—the foremost of them, short and square, was looking into the green hollow, watching the busy gardeners in silence. Two men, dressed like gentlemen, rested against the railing of a pretty temple close to us, and evidently kept strict watch over the other group. There was no mistaking the people; they were Mouchard's secret police, who do their work in the most awkward way imaginable, and betray their calling at every word and step.

The Emperor's bearing and appearance—I must needs be personal again—have materially changed of late years. The expression of the eye is colder than ever, and the lid drops more heavily over it. The hair is thinning on the brow, and growing gray. The imperial is not so carefully trimmed. The hollow under the cheek-bone has deepened; the cheek itself being more ashy. One cannot fancy a smile now on that elongated visage. All this we had ample opportunity of noting, without any breach of outward courtesy. The Emperor passed us on his way into the little valley, and stood there for a considerable time, directing the gardeners, and sometimes marking the pathways himself with a long staff.

It was a curious scene, and so quiet! The men pursued their work diligently, the engineer directing them from his great master's orders. Here a soldier halted for an instant in passing, saluted his chief, and stepped on; there stood a group of priests, backed by a pile of moss-clad granite; a few ladies, in showy toilettes, came down from the pine-groves; and there were plenty of children on the grass, with bright-eyed bonnes in their provincial caps; while over all there was diffused an atmosphere of which the color changed every instant, as the light clouds cast their shadows on the sides of the dark-wooded slopes.

A burst of military music suddenly attracted every one towards the old avenue at the head of the town. We hastened thither. The band of the Sixty-third Regiment of the line struck up an overture, and I had not long been seated on the hard straw chair, for which treble price was charged in honor of the Emperor, when, on looking up the bank, I perceived Louis Napoleon leaning against the railing. By and by, he came down the hill among us, with his two attendants, and took



also a straw chair. There half an hour afterwards, we left him, looking the picture of a paternal sovereign, whose only thoughts were peace. Screened, however, by a garden hedge at the top of the hill, there were the two Mouchards; under the trees by the railing, the ferocious-looking sapper; and then, there were the two sentinels of the château moving solemnly to and fro, and meeting and turning on their beat, so that the eyes of one might always be turned towards that summer pavilion with the red and white striped awnings, in which Napoleon and Count Cavour settled upon a certain wedding.

Shortly after this conference took place, Louis Napoleon made a little excursion. Eastward of Plombières, there is a lovely

nook. It is a village called Gerardiner. The cottages, embosomed in gardens, are scattered over the green extent in most picturesque fashion. Here there is a placid lake, and towering above the lake, is the Great Baloon. The Schlucht route, that cuts through this mountain to Colmar, in Alsace, bordering the Rhine, was almost impassable. Louis Napoleon put workmen on that mountain road immediately; and thus, if it so please him, he can transport with little noise or effort an army from Chalons to the Rhine bank. There seemed to be something significant in thus smoothing of the road to the Rhine directly after negotiation with Sardinia.

**DRAWBACKS TO SOCIAL DISTINCTION.**—The first class of *millionnaires* rise superior to rules; but, generally speaking, a calling of any sort is against a man, with the exception of the aristocratic professions, and even these had better be avoided, for we incline to think that gentlemen *par eminence* should resemble Voltaire's trees, who, when a visitor was complimenting him on their looking so fine and flourishing, replied: "They ought, for they have nothing else to do."

By aristocratic professions, we mean the clergy, the bar, the higher walks of medicine, the army, and the navy.

With reference to the present topic, the clergy must be laid out of the account; for the times are gone when a Duchesse de Longueville could exclaim, on hearing that her favorite cardinal had missed the papal throne: "Oh, how sorry I am! I have had all other ranks of churchmen—curates and vicars, deacons and archdeacons, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals—for admirers, and if he had but gained the election, I should actually now have a pope."

With regard to the bar, the accomplished author of *Human Life* makes one of his favorite characters complain that he is never in a lawyer's company without fancying himself in a witness-box; and it must be owned that the habits of the bar are apt to militate against the loose, careless, easy style of thought and expression, the *grata protervitas*, which is most popular in the drawing-room. Yet the late Lord Grenville once remarked in our hearing, that he was always glad to meet a lawyer at a

dinner party, because he then felt sure that some good topic or other would be rationally discussed.

The mere title of *Doctor* is against the physician, let him gossip as fancifully, and feel pulses as gracefully, as he may; but there is consolation in store for him, for it would seem that a sick-room may afford a rich field for *coquetterie*. "I remember," says the Doctor in *Human Life*, "being once the confidant of a brother physician, who had conceived great hopes from his patient, a widow, having added muslin borders to her sheets during his visits. But they were all petrified on her taking them off again, and never having renewed them. 'Could I but see those flounces again,' said he, 'I might yet be happy.'"

Military men have high pretensions, but it would be difficult to answer Dr. Johnson's objection: "Perfect good-breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas in a military man you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'épée*."

Sailors are favorites from their frankness and gallantry, and they have discarded the roughness which used to characterize them; but their mode of life is by no means calculated to give their manners the highest finish. One of the writers before us expatiates on the sensation produced by the arrival of a distinguished naval officer at an archery meeting, who was pleased to descend the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as if he was descending an accommodation ladder.

From The Critic.  
COUNTRY POETRY.

*Homely Rhymes: a Second Collection of Poems in the Dorset Dialect.* By William Barnes. London: John Russell Smith.

ALTHOUGH it is just possible that Corydon did not address Thyrsis in the elegant language which poets have attributed to him, it is undeniable that there is a native, indigenous poetry, proper to every country, even to every neighborhood, which reflects the manners, represents the feelings, and appeals directly to the hearts of simple country folks, and which may best be described by Mr. Mr. Barnes' significant phrase "Homely Rhymes." No one who has ever walked about in England—as only walkers can walk, with wallet and stick, taking pot-luck and shelter at the modest alehouse—but is aware of the existence of a class of poetry as native as that which gave birth to the deathless epic of Homer. The mines of Cornwall echo with songs which have come from the hearts of the people that swell therein. Lord Macaulay tells how that when Bishop Trelawney was in peril of his life, the sturdy men of Cornwall came forth and asked in verse "homely" but as stirring as any song of Tyrtæus:

"And have they fixed the where and when?

And shall Trelawny die?

Then twenty thousand Cornish men  
Will know the reason why."

Whoever visited Upware in the Fens without hearing that famous song, "Tis a glarus fine marning, the drums are a-beating"? What nook or corner of the kingdom is there without its peasant poet, destined to be less famous perhaps than the Ayrshire ploughman or the Inverary weaver, yet not less dear to those whom he charms with his songs on that account?

Mr. Barnes is already known to the curious in these matters on account of his former collection of country rhymes in the Dorset dialect. The collection which he now puts forward contains compositions of a more pathetic and didactic character than were to be found in the last; and, perhaps, it is all the more excellent on that account. Is there not, for example, both real poetry and feeling in this affecting little picture?

"A FAETHER OUT, AN' MOTHER HWOME.

"The snow-white clouds did float on high  
In shoals avore the sheenèn sky,  
An' runnèn wæves in pon' did chæuse  
Each other on the water's fæice,  
As hufflèn win' did blow between

The new-leaved boughs o' sheenèn green.  
An' there, the while I walk'd along  
The paeth, droo læaze, above the drong,  
A little maid, wi' bloomèn fæice,  
Went on up hill wi' nimble pæice,  
A-læanèn to the right-han' zide,  
To car a basket that did ride,  
A-hangèn down, wi' all his lefft,  
Upon her elbow at her lefft.  
An' eet she hardly seemed to bruise  
The grass-bleådes wi' her tiny shoes,  
That pass'd each other, lefft an right,  
In steps a'most too quick vor zight.  
But she'd alefft her mother's door  
A-bearèn vrom her little store  
Her faether's welcome bit o' food,  
Vor he wer out at work in wood;  
An' she wer' bless'd wi' mwore than zome—  
A faether out, an' mother hwome.  
An' there, a-vell'd 'ithin the copse,  
Below the timber's new-leaved tops,  
Wer ashen poles, a-castèn straight,  
On primrose beds, their langthy waight;  
Below the yollor light, a-shed  
Droo boughs upon the vi'let's head,  
By climèn ivy, that did reach,  
A sheenèn roun' the dead-leaved beech.  
An' there her faether zot an' meåde  
His whomely meal bezide a gleåde;  
While she, a-croopen down to ground,  
Did pull the flowers, where she vound  
The droopen vi'let out in blooth,  
Or yollor primrose in the lewth,  
That she mid car 'em proudly back,  
An' zet 'em on her mother's tack;  
Vor she wer bless'd wi' mwore than zome—  
A faether out, an' mother hwome.  
A faether out, an' mother hwome,  
Be blessèn early lost by zome;  
Alost by me, an' zoo I pray'd  
They mid be speår'd the little maïd."

Few compositions in more polished language than we know of can exceed the following tender little flower of poesy:

"THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

"THE zun wer zet back t'other night,  
But in the zettèn pleåce  
The clouds, a-redden'd by his light,  
Still glow'd avore my fæice.  
An' I've lost my Meåry's smile,  
I thought; but still I have her chile,  
Zoo lik' her, that my eyes can treåce  
The mother's in her daeter's fæice.  
O little fæice so near to me,  
An' lik' thy mother's gone; why need I zae,  
Sweet night cloud, wi' the glow o' my lost  
dae,  
Thy looks be always dear to me.  
The zun wer zet another night;  
But, by the moon on high,  
He still did zend us back his light  
Below a cwolder sky,  
My Meåry's in a better land  
I thought, but still her chile's at hand,  
An' in her chil' she'll zend me on  
Her love, though she herself's a-gone.  
O little chile so near to me,  
An' lik' thy mother gone; why need I zae,

Sweet moon, the messenger vrom my lost dae,  
Thy looks be always dear to me."  
Both reflective and poetic is

"THE YOUNG THAT DIED IN BEAUTY."

- "If souls should only sheen so bright  
In heaven as in e'thly light,  
An' nothèn better wer the ceäse,  
How comely still, in sheäpe an' feäce,  
Would many reach thik happy pleäce,—  
The hopeful souls that in their prime  
Ha' seem'd a-took avore their time—  
The young that died in beauty.
- "But when oone's lim's ha' lost their strangth,  
A-twilen droo a lifetime's langth,  
And auver cheäks a-growèn wold  
The slowly-weästen years ha' roll'd  
The deep nèn wrinkle's hollor vwold;  
When life is ripe, then death do call  
Vor less ov thought, than we do vall  
On young vo'ks in their beauty.
- "But pinèn souls, wi' heads a-hung  
In heavy sorra vor the young,  
The sister or the brother dead,  
The faether wi' a child a-vied,  
The husband when his bride ha' laid  
Her head at rest noo mwore to turn,  
Have all a-vound the time to murn  
Vor youth that died in beauty.
- "An' cet the church, where prayer do rise  
Vrom thoughtvul souls, wi' downcast eyes.  
An' village greens, a-beät haef beäro  
By daencers that do meet, an weär  
Such merry looks at feäst and feär,  
Do gather under leätest skies,  
Their bloomèn cheäks an' sparklèn eyes,  
Though young ha' died in beauty.
- "But still the dead shall mwore than keep  
The beauty ov their early sleep;  
Where comely looks shall never weär  
Uncomely, under twile an ceäre.  
The feär at death be always faair,  
Still feär to livers' thought an' love,  
An' feärer still to God above,  
Than when they died in beauty."

Rather nearer to the humorous are the two  
pieces of philosophical morality about rail-  
roads:—

"THE RAILWAY."

"I took a flight, awhile agoo,

Along the rails a stage or two,  
An' while the heavy wheels did spin  
An' rattle, wi' a deafnen din,  
In clouds o' steam, the zweepen traïn  
Did shoot along the hill-bound plain,  
As sheades o' birds in flight, do pass  
Below em on the zunny grass.  
An' as I zot, and look'd abroad  
On leanen land, and windèn road,  
The ground a-spread along our flight  
Vled streamèn backward out o' zight;  
The while the zun, our heav'nly guide,  
Seem'd ridèn wi' us, zide by zide.  
An' zoo, while time, vrom stage to stage,  
Do car us on vrom youth to age.  
The e'thly pleasures we do vind  
Be soon a-met, an left behind;  
But God, beholden vrom above  
Our lonely road, wi' yearnèn love,  
Do keep beside us, stage by stage,  
Vrom be'th to youth, vrom youth to age."

"THE RAILWAY."

"An' while I went 'ithin a traïn,  
A-ridèn on athirt the plain,  
A-clearèn swifter than a hound,  
On twin-laid rails, the zwimmèn ground;  
I cast my eyes 'ithin a park,  
Upon a woak, wi' grey-white bark,  
An' while I kept his head my mark,  
The rest seem'd wheelèn round en.  
An' when in life our love do cling  
The clwozest round zome single thing,  
We then do vind that all the rest  
Do wheel roun' that, vor vu'st an' best;  
Zoo while our life do laeste, mid nought  
But what is good an' feär be sought,  
In word or deed, or heart or thought,  
An' all the rest wheel round it."

Enough has been said and enough quoted,  
we think, to convince our readers that we  
have not overpraised this collection of Dorset  
poems. They are indeed "hwomely;" but  
there is a homeliness which is altogether  
foreign, indeed repugnant, to vulgarity.  
There is a poetry which flows from the natu-  
ral springs of the heart, and into those run-  
nels of our nature which Nature herself has  
chiselled out.

MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT announces three  
chamber morning concerts, comprising classical  
and instrumental music. They are to take place  
at Willis' Rooms during the months of April  
and May. These will be worth attending; for

Mr. Goldschmidt has now succeeded in cultivat-  
ing his pianistic talents to such a degree as to be  
remarkable for being something more than the  
husband of the great *cantatrice*.

THOU HAST MADE DESOLATE ALL MY  
COMPANY.—*Job.*

THERE shone a beam within my bower,  
Affection's diamond spark,  
The spoiler came with fatal power,  
That beam is quenched and dark ;  
There was a sight of childhood's joy,  
A laugh of infant glee.  
The earth close o'er my glorious boy—  
My nurseling—*where is he ?*

There seemed a sound like rushing wings,  
So thick my sorrows came,  
A blight destroyed my precious things,  
My treasures fed the flame ;  
An ocean of unfathomed grief,  
Swept o'er me with its waves,  
And here all desolate I stand,  
*Alone, amid my graves !*

*Alone !*—there flows no kindred tear,  
No sympathizing sigh ;  
The feet of curious crowds are near,  
Yet every cheek is dry ;  
And is there naught but covering turf,  
And cold earth loosely thrown  
To shut me from those cherished forms ;  
My beautiful—my own ?

Yet *who* this fearful change hath brought ?  
Who thus hath laid me low ?  
Was it a hand with vengeance fraught—  
The malice of a foe ?

No, He who calls my being forth,  
From mute, unconscious clay ;  
He who with more than parent's care,  
Hath led me night and day :

Who erreth not—who changeth not,  
Who wounded but to heal ;  
Who dark'neth not man's earthly lot,  
Save for his spirit's weal ;  
Therefore, I bow me to His way,  
I mourn, but not repine,  
And chastened, yet confiding, say  
"Lord, not my will but thine."

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

#### LITTLE DANDELION.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

GAY little Dandelion  
Lights up the meads,  
Swings on her slender foot,  
Telleth her beads :  
Lists to the robin's note,  
Poured from above :  
Wise little Dandelion  
Cares not for love.  
Cold lie the daisy banks,  
Clad but in green,

Where in the Mays agone,  
Brights hues were seen ;  
Wild pinks are slumbering,  
Violets delay—  
True little Dandelion  
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion !  
Fast falls the snow,  
Bending the daffodil's  
Haughty head low,  
Under that fleecy tent,  
Careless of cold,  
Blithe little Dandelion  
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion  
Groweth more fair,  
Till dries the amber dew  
Out from her hair,  
High rides the thirsty sun,  
Fiercely and high—  
Faint little Dandelion  
Closeth her eye !

Pale little Dandelion.  
In her white shroud,  
Heareth the angel Breeze  
Call from the cloud !  
Tiny plumes fluttering,  
Make no delay !  
Little winged Dandelion  
Soareth away !

—*Ohio Farmer.*

#### ADVICE.

WE must feel ere we can pity,  
We must long before we pray,  
We must know the need of comfort  
Ere we cheer another's way.

Art thou then the only mourner ?  
Throbs no breaking heart but thine ?  
Does the earth's green surface never  
Hide a deep and wealthy mine ?

Know we not what wondrous structures  
Grow beneath the rolling seas !  
Coral reefs, in hidden natures,  
Rise as silently as these.

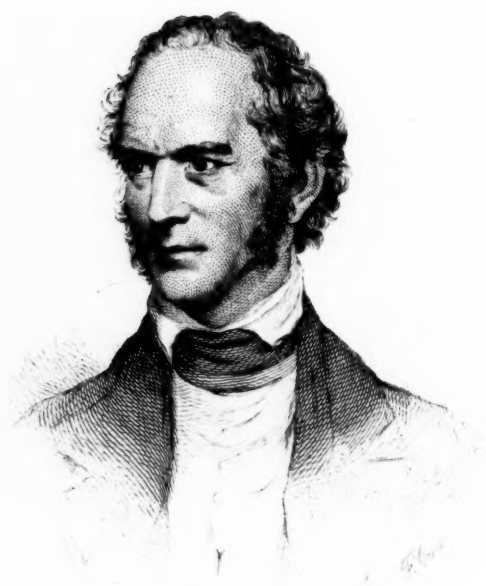
May be that thy strength of purpose  
Might uplift some sinking heart,  
And the ray, to thee returning,  
A refracted light impart.

For 'tis strange we should have power  
Oft to give another peace,  
While we vainly bid the anguish  
Of our own vex'd spirit cease.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*







*William Cullen Bryant.*

